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SMASH HITS

POSTERS:
GEORGE MICHAEL
BEASTIE BOYS
LEVEL 42

DEPECHE MODE THROW A PARTY FOR SMASH HITS!

- This is them *before*...
- What happened next?

The grizzly "truth": Page 12

+

SONGWORDS BY
THE DAMNED
SIMPLY RED
UB40

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT • BOY GEORGE • GLENN & CHRIS
SPEAR OF DESTINY • CLUB NOUVEAU • TOM JONES • THE JETS

Photo: Andy Earl

Pepsi and Shirlie

"Well," says Shirlie Holli "person" of singing duo Pepsi And Shirlie, "it's . . . er, quite *similar* to 'Heartache' . . . It's . . . um . . . in the same *vein* as 'Heartache', though some people say it's a bit more, well, sophisticated. It's *definitely* more sophisticated. What else can I say about it? Um, yes well, it *is* very similar to 'Heartache'. It does have different lyrics though. And em, a different tune."

It's just a few days after Shirlie's 25th birthday ("I quite like being old, it's more fun than being young") and she is struggling desperately for words to describe their second single "Goodbye Stranger" which was written by the very same bloke, Tambi Fernandez, who wrote "Heartache", the single that transformed them in a few short seconds from a couple of ex-Wham! backing singers into a pair of bona fide pop starlets. And has this giddy success changed them?

"Er, yes," answers Shirl.

What? Have their heads been turned? Have they become swank pop toffs? Do they crash limousines into swimming pools and bathe in bubbly every day?

"No, we just get really tired," sighs Shirlie. "I tend to go round with red eyes and with my hair all unbrushed and messy. I have to work harder than I've *ever* worked before.

"*And* I've got 'flu. I had 'flu last time I was in *Smash Hits*, didn't I? What a weak old thing I am. I feel dreadful."

Apparently they've spent the last few months dashing all over Europe "promoting" their last single.

"They've been working us really hard," Shirlie complains. "We went to places like Paris and Amsterdam . . . Did we see tulips in Amsterdam? No, it was *far* too cold for tulips. I nearly got killed in Amsterdam actually."

Heavens!

"No, really! My good partner saved me at the last minute. You know those tram things? I got mixed up with which way they were coming and while I was looking in the other direction there was this tram shooting straight towards me, but Pepsi just pulled me back in time and this tram sort of smeared across my nose. 'Pepsi Saves Shirlie From Death Saga!!!'"

Well, thank goodness for that.

"The best trip was over to Paris. They really know how to look after you there. We visited all the beautiful restaurants and went to all the best nightclubs and did a bit of work in between. Actually we really ate a *lot*. I put on half a stone there.

"And we went shopping and bought lots of clothes and spent all the money we'd made from 'Heartache' so *now* we've got to make an album to pay for all the dresses."

My, what a giddy old whirl this pop malarkey is . . .

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● Vol. 9 No. 9 ● Cover Photo: Paul Rider

DEPECHE MODE

Photo: Paul Rider

THE JETS

Photo: Paul Rider

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

Photo: Andy Catlin

BOY GEORGE + GLENN & CHRIS

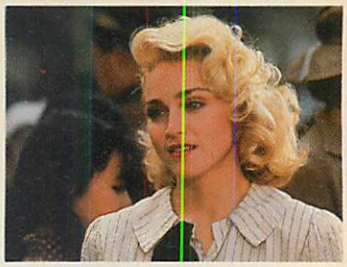
BITZ

Crap Joke Corner

Q. What song do ghosts like best?
A. "Haunting High And Low" by **A-ha** of course, popnitwits.

That (v.) crap joke was sent in by Rosemary Garcia of Gibraltar. If you have a joke that's rather lame, send it to *Smash Hits* Crap Joke Corner, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

COMPETITION!



▲ Madonna being quite surprised in Shanghai

Madonna, eh? Worratemptress. Sean Penn, eh? Worrabloke. Not only did they invent the film *Shanghai Surprise* about which Madonna piped "I like it a lot" BUT! they snobbled round ver Smash Hits "office" the other day (except they didn't) and presented *Bitz* with 10 – *10!!* – stunneramic, multi-colourific, nifterilliant full-length videos of that *very* "thing". Quadruple pheryoowee! And *you*, dearest beings, can have them.

The question: What is the only man-made object visible from the moon? Is it: a) Sean Penn's head (haw haw); b) The Grand Canyon; c) Anneka Rice's torch flickering atop Mount Everest (the clot!) or d) The Great Wall Of China? Answers on a noodle to **Smash Hits Shanghai Surprise Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by May 19, stating "format" required (i.e. VHS or Betamax).

BON JOVI TO "PLAY" MUDDY "FESTIVAL"

Jon Bon Jovi and the rest of his chums (i.e. *Bon Jovi*) will be shaking their curlsome locks live at the Donington '87 "festival". Other "rock" luminaries appearing will be the likes of Metallica, Dio, and Cinderella (?). To see all these and yet more (and get plastered in mud at the same time if it rains) whizz along to Castle Donington on August 22nd. Headbands ahoy! See "Happenings" for details.

ARTY "PUNK" GROUP RELEASE "3-D" SINGLE!

Good heavens, *what* is this? *(It's a hologram actually and it's in 3-D so it can sort of jump out and nibble your ear – A Boring Science "Boffin")* **Oh. And it is brought to you – at great expense! – by The Fall, those nice "punk" people who write tunes for ballet dancers and write plays and do all manner of arty things. The hologram, on the sleeve of their new single "There's A Ghost In My House" (hence the grotesque visage), was brought about by a revolutionary new scientific process which *Bitz* will now explain:**

First you get a picture of someone who's not very handsome, mould a likeness of it out of plasticene, cover it in lime-green *Slush Puppy* and put it in the fridge for a couple of hours to set. Then you must bathe it in laser light in a "holographic" studio (the fluorescent light in your kitchen will suffice) and – presto! – you are now the proud owner of your very own ghostsome hologram. Simple, yes! (??)

▲ Eeeek! An unpleasant thing in 3-D!

Photo: Paul Rider

▲ Brix and her husband Mark E. Smith of The Fall

BIRTHDAYS

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8 Gary Glitter (43)
9 Dave Gahan of Depeche Mode (25)
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18 Toyah Willcox (29)
19 Grace Jones (35)
20 Brian "Nasher" Nash of Frankie Goes To Hollywood (24)
Nick Heyward (26)

Hullo. I'm a *Bitz* Badge Coupon. Simply snip me out, and send me and two other *Bitz* Coupons and a stamped addressed envelope to **Smash Hits, Free *Bitz* Badge Operations Nerve Centre, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF** by June 12th and those nice people will send you the indispensible style accessory of the century. P.S. Don't forget your name and address when you send me in!!!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

BOYS DON'T CRY

What a *fine* flurry of gentlebeings! They were nearly famous last year with a weirdaway pop thing called "I Wanna Be A Cowboy" and now they're even *more* nearly famous with a thumpering pop thing with the monumentally ridiculous title of "Who The Am Dam Do You Think You Am".

So. Let us skip once more to the "blower" and ask their lead singer Nick Richards the all-important question... who *are* you?

"Ha ha haaaah! (?) Well, **Boys Don't Cry** are a *very* famous band everywhere in the world except England basically. Or Britain, as they say. 'I Wanna Be A Cowboy' was top ten in America, number one in Australia, it's sold over a million copies world-wide and it still sells copies every *week* all over the world even now. No one can understand at all why it only got to number 77 here..."

Mmmn. Why does your new tune have such a ridiculous title?

"Er... well, it doesn't *mean* anything! Ha ha! It was a phrase we heard in the West End in London and we thought 'that's *great* – we must remember that for a song'. And the first verse is a whole phrase which goes '*hey girl who the am dam do you think you am, you think your body every self, pick on someone your own long enough and when you get the chance the jopalize*'. Ha haaah!"

What a load of old guff.

"Er... yes! It's just a good laugh really."

So who actually *are* you then?

"Well, there's four of us though Cozy Powell plays drums for us sometimes. The living legend, yes... Coze. (??) So there's myself, Brian, Nico and Mark – we're all from London except Brian who's from Manchester and we're all *unbelievably* good-looking ha haaah!"

That last bit's certainly unbelievable.

▲ Boys Don't Cry and an aeroplane. From left: Nico Ramsden, Mark Smith, Nick Richards, Brian Chatton.

MEET TOM "BLOODY" JONES, WHY "BLOODY" DON'T YOU?

(i.e. a man who says "bloody" a bloody lot)

What can we possibly say about **Tom Jones**? Quite a lot, actually, because the Welsh wizard of song is possibly the most intriguing character ever to grace the face of so-called popular music. Ever! And even though it is some 14 years since he last charmed the Top Ten with the "seminal" classic "The Young New Mexican Puppeteer", there is evidently no stopping the old timer. For – hey! – here he is once more with the invidious waxing "The Boy From Gibraltar" or whatever it's called. (*"A Boy From Nowhere" actually – A Boring Person.*) And so *Bitz* pays tribute to the veteran pelvis thruster by contacting him on the notorious "hot line" and gleaning the following frighteningly fascinating facts about the wizened legend.

- His real name is Thomas Woodward and he comes from Glamorgan!
- When he was 15 he became a rock'n'roll singer called Tommy Scott and when he was 16 he had a baby!(?)
- When he was 17, he had a bit of a tiff in a pub and got his nose broken. He later got an expensive nose job to make it nice again!
- In the '60s, he changed his name to Tom Jones and had his first hit with a rumbustious little number called "It's Not Unusual"!
- In the late '60s he became an overpowering sex symbol by "grinding" his "hips" and groaning rather a lot on stage, and he went to Las Vegas where the ladies went "crazy apeshit"!
- He is always having ladies' underwear thrown at him on stage. This started in 1968 when women used to give him handkerchiefs because "I perspire a bloody lot when I'm singing" and one night "this girl handed me her undies instead of a bloody hanky. This woman really bloody took her drawers down. I was bloody flabbergasted but since then, it happens at every performance. It's bloody great – but knickers are not the important thing."!
- He says "bloody" quite a lot!
- He hates golf: "I'd never rush out to play golf because I prefer to stay in bloody bed until as late as bloody possible"!
- He's got a gymnasium in his house: "I've got a gymnasium in my bloody house"!
- He carries a humidifier in his trunk: "I lost my voice in Berlin in 1967 and since then I've carried a humidifier in my trunk wherever I go. It's a bloody big black trunk and the steam is good for my voice."!
- He doesn't want to kill a bull on stage: "'A Boy From Nowhere' is from a musical, *Matador*, which will be staged later this year. I don't know if I'll be in it or not. They might have trouble with animal rights people because of the bull-fighting aspect but they won't be killing bulls on stage. If they were, I definitely wouldn't be bloody in it!"
- He changes his stage repertoire every year, and *this* year he is including Sir William Idol's "To Be A Lover", Prince's "Kiss", ("Prince is a bright young man. He's the bloody Tom Jones of the '80s!" says Tom), and Wang Chung's "Everybody Have Fun Tonight" (???) in his "set".
- Nostar! (Welsh for "and there we have it"!)

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ Tom when he was a bloody nipper.

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ 17-year-old bloody Tom Jones.

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ Posing with a bloody Beatles toy back in 1967.

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ Tom pours the bloody tea for his wife Linda.

Photo: LFI

▲ In the bloody trophy room.

Photo: LFI

▲ "Bloody trendy cocktail bar, eh viewers?"

Photo: LFI

▲ Bloody nice living room, Tom.

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ With a new posh bloody car in the '60s.

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ '60s rock chicks a-bloody-hoy!

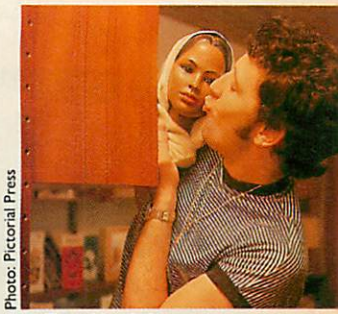


Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ Kissy bloody kissy.

Photo: Rex Features

▲ He's a bloody sex god!

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ Tom's mum (left) and his auntie: "Come on lovie, let's play Tom's new bloody record."

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ Relaxing back-bloody-stage.

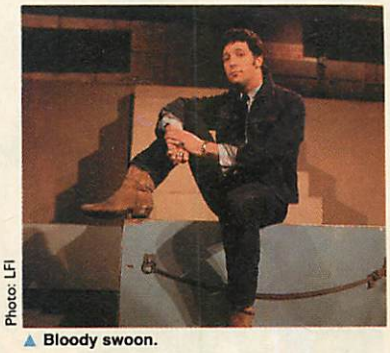


Photo: LFI

▲ Bloody swoon.

Photo: Pictorial Press

▲ Tom rocks out in the bloody '70s.

▲ Mmmm. He's so bloody dreamy. Tom in the '80s.

-ЮБ и 40-

(i.e. UB40 went to Russia and saxophone player Brian Travers

BITZ

FAN CLUBS

(Remember to enclose an s.a.e. or an international reply coupon)

UB40
P.O. Box 117
Birmingham B5 5RJ

Beastie Boys
c/o Rush Productions
298 Elizabeth Street
New York NY 10012

Boy George
P.O. Box 40
Middlesex HA4 7ND

Westworld
"The Rockulator"
P.O. Box 772
London SE1 0SP

Last year UB40 became one of the few groups ever allowed to play in Russia. The group's "sax" player Brian Travers took film cameras to record the visit and they've just released a video featuring bits of their "live" performances there.

"We had this official interpreter who used to stand up on stage with us, a big chubby fellow with a bow tie. We'd say 'Why are those guards hitting people?' and he'd translate 'The band have just thanked the guards for their work tonight.'

"Normally we had interpreters with us everywhere we went, so they could keep an eye on us. We did manage to escape from them one evening and go to some underground gigs. It was all very dated stuff, all seventies rock. And then, one night, we went to a really weird place called The Bluebird Cafe and they asked us if we'd play a couple of songs – which we did and after that all these geezers got up on the stage and had a 'jam session' with us," he giggles. "It was really appalling, but it was all with the best intentions on their part. We've got some of that in the TV film too."

And was the trip a success?

"Well, most Russians are really scared of us," replies Brian. "They hear about all these *Rambo* films we have. It's not very healthy, so it's good that people from the West can go there and find out what *they're* like, and they can find out what *we're* like."

▲ "Astro in the Summer Palace outside Leningrad which belonged to Peter The Great."

▲ "That's Red Square. People did stare at us a bit, not because we were in a group, just because we were foreign. But it's surprising how polite Russian people are."

▲ "UB40 looks great in Russian, doesn't it? We brought a load of these posters back."

▲ "There's no advertising in Russia but you get these huge great posters and murals."

▲ Astro and Ali Campbell: "People did think Astro's dreadlocks were a bit strange."

QUEEN: A TRIBUTE

A v. dignified person speaks: "Ladies and gentlepersons, I would like to announce the arrival of a very moving tribute to some of the greatest artistes of popular music: **'Frank Sidebottom Salutes The Magic Of Freddie Mercury And Queen'**. Frank Sidebottom, as you well know, is a comic performer of some renown and he has released this seven track single which contains his own interpretations of the songs that Lord Frederick of Lucan and the "boys" have made so dear to our hearts. Bathe your ears in the wonky sounds of Frank's versions of 'Radio Ga Ga', 'Frank Gordon (Saviour Of The Universe)', 'I Am The Champion', 'We Will Rock You' plus a special medley entitled 'Everybody Sings Queen' composed especially by Mercury, May, Deacon, Taylor and Sidebottom and it's completely brilliant. I thank you."

The Most Horrible Video Ever Made!

Recognise the man in the National Health specs? Yes, it's none other than that famous "comedienne" Adrian Edmondson and he's "directing" a v. disgusting video for Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction's new single "Prime Mover" and it's really revolting and features:

- **Teachers' heads being blown off!**
- **School-girls turning into foxy chicklets!**
- **Millions of other dodgy goings-on!**

It was "Ade" who thought up the idea for the video with "Zodiac" over about 20 pints of something (probably *not* ginger beer). In the "vid" the entire Love Reaction crash through the walls of a girls' boarding school in their "Space Machine" (a truck), gyrate a bit, and then Zodiac, with his superhuman powers, transforms the schoolgirls into poutlicious vixens who proceed to rip off what is left of his already-skimpy vest. The teachers who arrive to put an end to these saucy antics get blasted by the x-ray beams from his eyes. And if all that lot doesn't succeed in getting it banned from *Top Of The Pops*. . . well, then *Bitz* isn't an avid Tom Jones fan.

▲ Mr Edmondson pretends to "shoot" Mr Mindwarp.

BITZ TOP SE

Who the ji

These are the known "facts":

- In the '60s they were a very successful blues group led by an eccentric bloke called Peter Green and had lots of hits including "Oh Well", "Man Of The World" and the instrumental "Albatross" (the one you always hear on TV during documentaries when things go "moody").
- Their name *isn't* actually taken from an Egyptian woman's fashion overcoat made out of dried stork bills. In fact it comes from two of the "members", Mick Fleetwood and John McVie.
- In the early '70s they all had lots of arguments and went a bit down the dumper.
- In the mid '70s they recruited Lindsay Buckingham and "Stevie" Nicks and made an LP of croonsome soft rock called "Rumours" which – gasp! – at the time became the best selling album *ever*. (It includes that funny bit of music – from a song called "The Chain" – that they always play when motor racing is on TV.)
- Some of them were married to other ones and some of them got very drunk though *Bitz* can't quite remember which ones. Anyway, it was all very horrible. But now they're back! Back! 'BACK'!
- Spook fact: Old guitarist Peter Green – who's now very poor and has a horrible long tramp-like beard

NCCCP

tells us how he made a film about it)

THIS MAN WANTS US TO TAKE THE EUROVISION SONG CONTEST "SERIOUSLY"!

▲ Robin Campbell waiting for his "breakfast": "The food was really bad. Everything is really bland and stodgy."

▲ "I was directing the filming," explains Brian, "so it took me every spare moment from when I got up till when I went to bed."

▲ "Do you like the hats? No, it wasn't cold at all but you go to Russia and you've got to buy a hat, haven't you?"

Photos: Anton Corbijn

"I know what you're thinking. You're thinking 'Eurovision Song Contest, it's all a joke and no one takes it seriously'. I understand that."

What!!! The Eurovision Song Contest not taken seriously???! Perish the thought. There is no date more important in pop's glittering calendar and it is indeed an honour that *Bitz* is speaking at this very moment to **Rikki** whose song "Only The Light" has been chosen by the nation as our entry. This is the crowning glory in a long and lustrous career in pop with highlights including being in a group called Sunfighter who once released three singles which nobody bought and singing on a TV advert for *Lawson's Sausages*. Rikki (real name Richard Peebles) goes on.

"When I sat down and watched Eurovision I used to think 'Oh no, not again!' But this time we're going for it. This is *serious*. This isn't a throwaway song. We're going more for the *spiritual* side of the lyric. Let me put it this way. . . it's like a positive thought situation."

Oh good. Now, if *Bitz* could be so bold we'd like to test you on your Eurovision knowledge by setting you this little quiz.

"Oh alright."

Question One: What was the name of last year's British Eurovision entry?

"Er. . . personally I can't remember."

The correct answer was a group called Ryder who have since gone on to be very successful indeed (hem hem).

Question Two: Name the song that won last year.

"I can't."

It was, you clot, "I Love Life (J'aime La Vie)" by Sandra Kim. Honestly!!

Question Three: Who was the only British artist to have entered the competition twice?

"Um. I can't go back that far. How far back are you going?"

Why, back to the golden age of Sir Clifford Richard of course who scored with such lovely tunes as "Congratulations" and "Boom Bang A Bang". Tell us, how do you think your own tunes compare with these masterpieces?

"Well, it doesn't!" froths Rikki. "It's not that kind of song. That's the whole thing! If you listen to the lyrics you can see it's not a "Boom Bang A Bang" or a "Dilly Dally Dolly" or any nonsense like that. As far as I'm concerned there's a piece of *me* that's gone into the lyric."

Is Rikki not afraid of competing against the massed musical talent of Europe (including such giants of the Eurovision scene as Gar(r)y Lux)? Does he not dread the possibility of hearing the fearsome verdict "Monsieur Reeekeee of Grande Bretagne, zero pwan"?

"I don't give a damn if they say 'Rikki no points' because I know that what I'm doing is not a throwaway song. The only thing is I have a responsibility to the rest of the UK. I'm going to do it to the best of my ability and come back with pride to this country. I hope you cross your fingers for me."

The nation's digits are doubled.

CRET INVESTIGATIONS PART 56

ggins are Fleetwood Mac?????

– once threatened to shoot his accountant if his accountant insisted on giving him money – Green wanted to just give it away!

And now – what a coincidence! – The "Mac" of '87 have decided that, instead of spending all the royalties from their current hit "Big Love" on jacuzzis and pink Rolls Royces they're going to give *Bitz* some rather superb once-in-a-lifetime-get-them-while-you-can-come-on-down-etc Fleetwood Mac "goodies". Yes, yes, yes! There's:

- 20 (twenty) Fleetwood Mac shirt thingies in a variety of flavours!
- 20 (twenty) Fleetwood Mac jigsaws, exquisitely designed in the style of their new LP!
- 20 (twenty) copies of the very same LP!
- 20 (twenty) copies of the large romantic single that paid for the whole sheeboosh, "Big Love"!

And to win one of each of these wondrous prizes just answer this question:

Which of the following is an anagram of Fleetwood Mac? Is it: a) O cold wet fame; b) My name is David Bowie, I sculpt potatoes and I'm a chameleon; c) lo, def cow meat or d) flood of milke? Answers on an albatross to: **Smash Hits "The Mac Are Back" Competition, 52-55 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PF** by May 19. Far out!

THE CURIOUSLY WONKY HISTORY OF "STARSHIP"

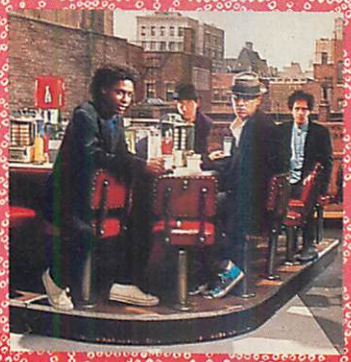
- The group formed in 1965 but then they were called Jefferson Airplane!
- They were a bunch of wonky hippies who lived in San Francisco!
- They released LPs with some of the wonkiest titles in history i.e. "Surrealistic Pillow", "After Bathing At Baxters", "Bless Its Little Pointed Head" and "Jefferson Airplane Takes Off"!
- Their singer was a "lady" called Grace Slick who was born Grace Wing in 1949 which makes her very old!
- They wrote a famous wonky hippie song called "White Rabbit" in 1967 but it got banned everywhere because everybody thought it was about drugs! (*Spook! It's on the soundtrack of* Platoon *and it's just being re-released as a single*!)
- They once played a concert up a tree!
- In 1974 they decided to go all cosmic and change their name to Jefferson Starship and sing about babies growing on trees in outer space!
- Then Grace Slick went wonky for a bit with a bit of drink problem. In 1978 she walked off stage in Germany halfway through a concert, which sparked off a riot which caused $1,000,000 worth of equipment!
- Two days later she left the group!
- But now she's back! And the group's back! Except that now they're just called Starship!
- Grace Slick is the only member of the group from the original wonky Jefferson Airplane line-up!
- So now you "know"!!?

▲ The "Star" ship: "Grace" Slick and Mickey Thomas.

TWO PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN "INTIMATE" WITH MADONNA

▶ See the bloke on the left? He's called Stephen Bray and he became very good "mates" with Madonna when she was but a dance student in the late '70s. In fact she persuaded him to drum in her "early" not v. successful groups like the Millionaires, Modern Dance and Emmy. Then she became famous and they had a huge row but now they're mates again and he still co-writes lots of her songs.

See the bloke with the brown hat sitting on a stool? He's called Dan Gilroy. Madonna used to "live" with him in an abandoned synagogue, muscling her way into his group which was called The Breakfast Club, but eventually she split up with him because he'd only allow her to sing one song. Anyway, Stephen eventually joined The Breakfast Club and now they've got a single out called "The Right Track". Ee, hurrah!



TOM HIBBERT'S "DEPARTURE": THE TRIBUTES FLOOD IN

Morrissey: "Tom Hibbert is the undiscussable."
Princess Stephanie: "Mais Tom, I shall never forget (*sneeep*!)"
Margaret Thatcher: "Tom Hibbert? Well, when I was young I didn't have television." (*??*)
Jon Bon Jovi: "I'd kill Tom Hibbert for rock 'n' roll." (*???*)
Tom Jones: "Tom bloody gone? Bloody hell! Who'd have bloody thought it?"
Sheena Easton: "Tom Hibbert? Stop asking *stupid* questions!"
A Publisher: "Has he gone? Thank goodness for that. I say, Miss Pri (*Sniiip!!*)"

Yes, it's true, Tom "Tom" Hibbert has slipped out of the *Smash Hits* office for the very last time. No more will we hear him extolling the virtues of Vanilla Fudge – or "ver Fudge" as he so lovingly dubbed them – and all those other useless groups from several squillion years ago. No longer will his voice – so full of wit and poise – boom "No, I will *not* do a Les Nemes phone interview!" No longer will he dazzle us with his incwedible style (*Mr Byrite* £19.99 – a sniiiip!). Sniff. Parp. Wibble. It's all too sad. (*Don't be so pathetic – he's still coming into the office almost every day and writing millions of articles for us – Ed.*) He is??? Tom! You're back! Back! **BACK!** Just in time, as it happens, for the Ruby Turner phone interview (*I'm off – Tom Hibbert*).

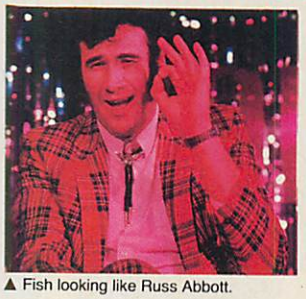
WHO THE JIGGINS DO YOU THINK THIS DISGUSTING LOOKING PERSON IS?

Zillions might not guess it but it is none other than the stout figure of **Fish** of Marillion making a video for Marillion's new single "Incommunicado". And the reason why he looks such a state? Because this video has the group playing a bunch of tramps, that's why. It all starts off with them pleading for a couple of bob from a passer-by (played by their real-life manager Tommy): "Ere guv, we weren't always down and outs you know. Once we were a pop group."

Cue amazing flashbacks to Fish performing live (with headbands and odd make-up), then cue even more amazing flashbacks of the group as "a teddy boy-type band."

It is all, says the group's guitarist Pete Trewavas, a cautionary tale about things that go horribly wrong in the game of life we play and about "people who can't handle the pressure and drop out." "But", quips Pete hastily, "we're hoping it doesn't happen to us." Mmmn. . .

▲ Fish looking completely revolting doing something completely revolting.



▲ Fish looking like Russ Abbott.

▲ Fish looking like he used to in "the old days".

▲ Fish looking completely revolting again.

▲ Fish looking like a completely normal person.

▲ Fish looking. . . er, it's not Fish actually, it's guitarist Pete Trevewas.

THE MEANEST OF THE MEAN

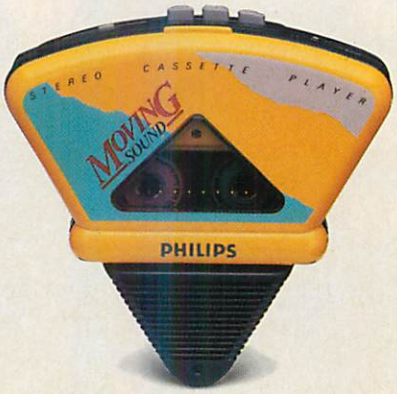
ZODIAC MINDWARP & THE LOVE REACTION

PRIME MOVER

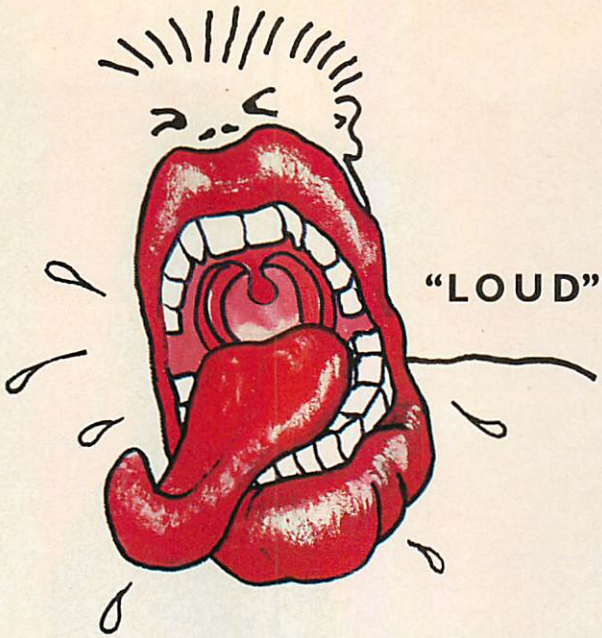
A SUBLIME SLAB OF SONIC SATISFACTION

ZOD 1 ZOD 112

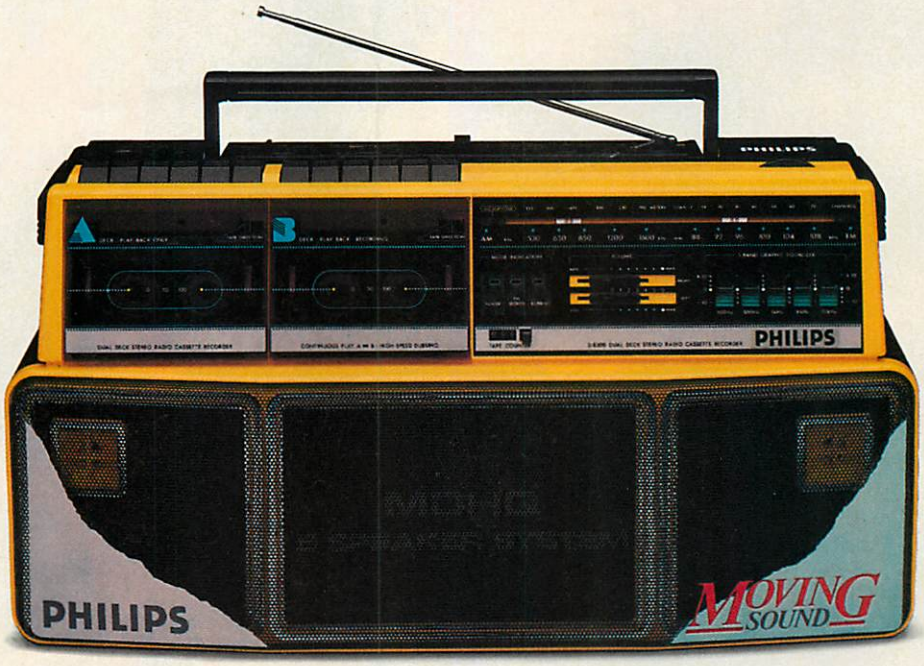
THE NEW PHILIPS
MOVING SOUND RANGE.
"WEIRD" THOUGHT TONY.



PHILIPS



"LOUD" THOUGHT CARL.



TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

PHILIPS

FZSS!... ZWING! .AA

Top (l-r): Andy Fletcher, Alan Wilder
Bottom: Martin Gore, Dave Gahan

▲ Martin Gore "laughing" at Andy Fletcher who's pretending to be civilised. ("Rumbled!" – Andy.)

▲ A sparkler explodes and the entire universe laughs at Andy Fletcher's amazing bendaway thumb. . .

▲ Aw! Martin Gore pretending to be "cute".

▲ Blee! Martin Gore pretending be be Dame Edna Everage (or something).

▲ Alan: "*My* sparkler's more sparkly than *yours*!" Martin: "Bah. . ."

RGH!. HAHAHAH!!

Hark! Depeche Mode are having a party – i.e. they're having "a" drink, scoffing streamers, pretending to be space-men, cavorting under tables, stealing "a" drink and hauling people's "breeks" off. Er. . .except for Alan "Wild"er, that is. . . Sylvia Patterson (words) and Paul Rider (pictures) join them for a beaker of *Tizer* (or something).

Geerks! Who'd have believed it? Depeche Mode – once the meanest, moodiest, most miserable bunch of synthified doomsters in the entire snooziverse – have decided to "throw" a party for Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine. That's *us!* Hurrah!! And the reason, pop whiffs, is *this*: they're fed up with being "boring" in interviews. They're swizzed by the prospect of grimbling their way through a "formal conversation" with some *Smash Hits* "journalist" – thus being labelled "boring" once again when they're *actually* not very boring pop persons in the least. (Apart from Alan "Wild"er.) *And*, after all, they've just spent nine months in the pop wilderness (or something) and now they're. . .*back!* With a tune called "Strangelove"! Which sounds just like one zwillion other Depeche Mode tunes but never mind because it's quite good anyway! Celebration ahoy!! And so it was. . .

7.00PM

Gulp. *The Smash Hits* "staff" finds itself hovering inside the doorway of the super-snoot "Edwardian Suite" of the mightily swankesque Kenilworth Hotel in central London – a "suite" that looks not in the *least* bit "Edwardian" but contains one very large Banqueting Table (hem hem) festooned with the paraphernalia of swankiness (i.e. 487 different kinds of fork etc.), one wall-to-wall buffet table with all manner of suspicious-looking grub on (yum!?) and one corner table glistening with every bottle of alcoholic beverage known to mankind (burp!/speeyoo. . .). Depeche Mode, it seems, are a very generous group (i.e. not short of a few "bob"). And lo! Here they come! (blush). Our "hosts" for the evening!

"A'right!" bellows a beaming Dave Gahan, scrunching the hand of everyone in the process. "Have a drink! Ha *haaa*!"

Jings!? The "lads" flee straight for the super-*super*-snoot waiter who's poised and somewhat bemused behind the drinks table before proceeding to jape, mingle and blether with whoever happens to be standing nearest. Ooer. Depeche Mode are the friendliest, *happiest* pop stars that ever existed. Er. . .except for Alan "Wild"er, who decides to seat himself entirely alone at the dining table with a glass of best "bitter" and a face like a melted wellie (i.e. completely smirk-free). Oh dear.

"Helloooooooo!" shrills a foxtress, bounding into the "suite" wielding a ghetto-blaster, followed by numerous other foxtresses and a completely mad "press" "officer" called Chris who "organised" this entire event. It's the entourage from Mute Records, Depeche Mode's record company, who are also our "hosts" for the evening. Within one second zurbillions of streamers are billowing from plastic bags – to be draped not-very-artistically all over the tables, floors, plants, coat-stands and various members of Ver "Mode". The group then proceed to explode "streamer bomb" thingies all over the place and spray the walls and the not-very-cheap, wall-length velvet curtains with wiggly 'n' horrendous "liquid streamer" for that "stuck" effect – causing much nervous twitching from the super-*super*-snoot waiter's direction. Martin commandeers the ghetto-blaster and begins "treating" the assembled "throng" to a selection of gaspingly varied and thoroughly obscure "tunes" from his very large record collection. Dave, meanwhile, has uncovered a gigantic, fluorescent orange megaphone with the word "BONG" printed on the inside and placed it right in the middle of the dining-table as a not-very-floral centrepiece.

"It's what's on the cover of the single!" he "explains". "Bong is its name. Er. . .well, it's a kind of joke really ha haah! (?) I think it's just a normal megaphone specially painted that colour. *Three* times!"

"I'm *starving*!" pipes Andy "Fletch" Fletcher, the man with the biggest, most perpetual grin in pop. "Can we start yet? Please?" Chris, being "boss", says "yes". Yaroo!!

8.00PM

Round the table slinks super-*super*-snoot waiter number two, bringing us the delights of melon (which Martin and Alan have, being vegetarians) and unidentified pate 'n' salad (which is scoffed in a billi-second by Dave and Andy). Also disappearing in a "trice" are the mesmerisingly plentiful supplies of beer and wine thanks to all four of them, because, as Dave puts it, "we like a drink" (aherm). This fact has probably just a *smidge* of an effect on the general "tone" of their mid-dinner conversations and *Smash Hits*, the magazine with the biggest, most flapaway ears in the cosmos (or something), was listening in heh heh. . .

"What's this then?" mumbles Dave through a stray lettuce leaf, enquiring after the spindly tune a-husking from the ghetto-blaster.

"It's *David*!" (*i.e. Dame David Bowie*) retorts a most miffed Martin.

"Oh *Daaaavid*," sneers Dave obviously filled with mirth at the thought, "ah boobeboobeboo! Ha haah! And this is one of his *best*! He's *terrible* though. I heard an interview with him on the radio and he was really trying to do his cockney accent ha ha haaah! And I was going 'shuuuuurup!' and he was going 'yeah, roight, yeah' – a really *bad* cockney accent. He went through his posh phase at one point, didn't he? And then his camp phase and now he's back to his cockney street-cred phase."

Alan: "A'roight *mate* ha haaah! Pathetic."

Andy? "'Allo dohlin'! Ha haaah! He thinks he's Tommy Steele (*i.e. chirpy cockney "actor"*)!"

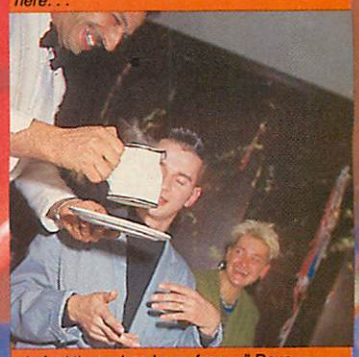
Dave (*who's much amused by this suggestion*): "Aaaaah HA! What a berk! *What* a *berk! What* a berk. . ."

Er. . .and swiftly on to Curiosity Killed The Cat. . .

▲ A foxtress: "I'm going to kill you with the Vulcan Death Grip!" Andy Fletcher: "No you're not – I'm going to hide under the table!!"

▲ Martin Gore: "Wait for *me*!" A foxtress: "Oh dear – I've 'accidentally' suffocated you with streamers haw haw. . ."

▲ "Foooo – not much happening down *here*. . ."



▲ And then when I was *four*. . ." Dave Gahan "amusing" a super-*super*-snoot waiter.

▲ Martin: "I'll have 17 glasses of champagne all at the same time please!" Two super-*super*-snoot waiters: "Certainly sir!"

▲ Dave Gahan "dancing" with a fan (haw haw – geddit??).

▲ Andy Fletcher "dancing" with himself. The clot!!

▲ Dave Gahan being sick on his plate. Er. . . no he's not, he's about to scoff some "profiteroles" and *then* be sick on his plate haw haw. . .

"No, no – The *Curies* as we call them ha haaah!" corrects Dave. "They really do say 'maaaan' all the time, don't they? That's the in thing to do in interviews now, by the way, Andy – like The Curies, just say maaaan! Groooooove! You know, like, with this single we really thought we'd get back to the groove feeling, like, maaaan. Ha haah! So people can really get daaaan! You know what I'm saying?"

Andy: "Er. . .I don't understand!"

Dave: "You're not supposed to!"

Martin: "Hah! Hah! Hah!"

Martin's "laugh" is actually the loudest most infectious bellow ever boomed and he booms it *all* the time – especially when the topic steers its way to a debate as to whether Prince Edward is gay or not. (!?) This remains unresolved, however, and instead they pretend to be "patriotic" cockney persons having a debate about it, as in: "Cor blimey guvvner, he goes out wiv geezers! Not like his bruvver 'im, not like 'is bruvver – fought in the *war* 'e did, fought in the *war*!" and so on for a very long time.

Well! By this time Ver "Mode" are chompling their way through a main course of either vegetable curry or turkey curry (?) or prawns or a beef thing – all with one billion buffet salad-type concoctions. Now they decide they'll tell us just where they've *been* for the past nine months. They've all "had a break – though none of us can remember having it" (?), they've been on various holidays and they've been in France inventing their next LP.

"The French fans are *unbelievable*," rumbles Dave. "They sit outside the recording studio and if any of us come out they all barge up going 'Was that eet? Was that the seengle ve just heard? *Was* eet the seengle?' And there was one bloke, a complete *weirdo* who used to sit outside our hotel for literally days and *nights* and he never said anything, just took photos of us all the time. And he had on this *combat* jacket all the time and we thought he was going to blow us up or something, you know, and we'd be going 'Well, I'm not going out the door first!' 'Neither am I!' 'Well, I'm not!' and all that – he was *well* weird."

"And we stayed in this place in Paris," trundles Andy, "that was christened Turd City. Ha ha ha! 'Cos everyone there had a dog and there were turds all the way round it. (*Blee*. . .) Turd City was an understatement I'm telling you. . ."

"*And*," interrupts Dave, "it was *really* bad if you had Doc Martens on 'cos it used to get in all the grooves on the soles. . . eeeuuurrr. . ."

And on and on they cavort and blether. . .about how useless Martin's taste in music is (to which his reply is "Hah! Hah! Hah!"), about Taureans being the most boring people in the world except they're not really because Dave's a Taurean, about Martin being a bimbo because he's just spent the last five minutes carefully cutting up what he thought what some delicious salad but it was, in fact, a lump of streamers on his plate – and all to the sound of champagne corks poppin' 'n' fizzlin' every three seconds, sparklers being lit and "Oooooh!"'d and "Aaaaah!"'d over, uncontrollable piercing shrieks from the record company foxtresses, the odd burst of "Happy Birthday To Yooo!" (?), more of Martin's "laughter" as he reveals he's been wearing the same coat of black nail-varnish for two whole *months* and the general giggling, tweetering, guffawing and rambling of a million different ridiculous conversations. . .

● 10.30PM

After a plateful of profiteroles (round mini chocolate eclair type thingies) and chocolate sauce, everyone throws up in the loo. Er. . .no they don't – *instead*, everything goes a bit squibbly. Andy Fletcher is having a spook-converation with a *Smash Hits* "journalist", saying things like "It's not all like *this* you know – sometimes doing this job is really *boring*. Because it *is* a job, you know – it's a job and when we're in that studio it's a job and when we're in that studio it's the most boring thing in the world. Quite honestly I only do this for the money. For the money and the memories, the money and the *memories*. . ." before going all wistful for a minute and then disappearing under the table to chew people's knee-caps (or something) where he's eventually joined by some record company foxtresses and no one seems to know *what's* going on anymore.

Alan "Wild"er, who has spent the entire evening staring bleakly into his glass of beer, has nipped to the loo and Dave and Martin are trying to convince the *Smash Hits* "photographer" that Alan *is*, in fact, enjoying himself.

Dave: "He *is* enjoying himself! He *is* actually. . ."

Martin: "He is! He's going crazy!"

Dave: "I can tell – he's gone to the loo! Ha haaah! He got *up*! No, you can tell, you see, because it's his eyebrows. When he's *really* excited his left-eyebrow goes like *this* (*tweaks his left eye-brow*). Have you noticed that? And when he's depressed his right one goes like

▲ Dave Gahan pretending to be a super-*super*-snoot waiter i.e. pinching "a" drink.

▲ Martin: "I say, my man, I'll have everything in sight please!" Dave: "Not if I can drink it all *first* matey. . ."

that (*tweaks his right eyebrow*) ha ha haaah! Is he just *quiet*? No, no. . .he's the old man of the band isn't he? I mean he's 27, 28 – he's probably gone for a kip actually! Does he know that we speak about him like that? Um. . .no! Haaah hah *haaah*!"

Meanwhile cries of "Gerremoff!" have begun a-swirling round the room as the record company foxtresses look more and more intent on having someone breekless before the evening's end.

Oh *dear*. Dave, at least, doesn't look too perplexed by this – he's too busy answering the all-"important" question: why is it that in your photographs you look like you've got great big huge pointy ears and yet they're not like that in real life (from the side, anyway)? (This is actually *true*.)

"Er. . .I've never really noticed that actually. What, me ears?"

Alan (*who's returned from the loo and is looking almost contented*): "That is illogical ha haaah!"

Andy (*who's returned from underneath the table and is looking absolutely delirious with happiness and is now pretending to be Lieutenant Sulu from* Star Trek): "I cint hold it ciptin! It was the lythium crystils ciptin! Ha hahaha!"

"More champagne!" screeches Dave – suddenly appearing armed with numerous bottles after a lightning raid on the drinks table in the absence of the super-*super*-snoot waiter. Triple oh dear. . .

● 11.30PM

The record company foxtresses have turned the bottom end of this "Edwardian Suite" into a bopaway disco, the super-*super*-snoot waiters have disappeared completely, Dave Gahan is comparing the size of his teeth to those of a *Smash Hits* "journalist" and Alan "Wild"er is explaining to the universe just what he feels about tonight's "activities".

"I think this is a complete *farce*," he snorts above the melodic piplings of Baccara's "Yes Sir I Can Boogie". "A set up like this is nothing but a fiasco. I suppose you think that we all get on really well together and it's like this all the time – well, it *isn't*! We argue *constantly* and that's the *real* us, not. . .this. Yeah, I know I'm cynical but I'm also realistic."

Yeeks. Still, he need not fret for much longer – all around him "things" are beginning to crumble. All manner of deadly "cocktails" are being quaffed and Martin and a number of foxtresses have pinned a *Smash Hits* "journalist" to the dining table and are trying not-very-successfully to tear the breeks from him. Forced to give in, Martin returns to his seat and tries to deny that he's a perv-bloke.

"Perv-bloke? Hah! Hah! Hah! Haaaah! No no no no! The clothes? Aaaaw, that's just because I *like* them. It's *true!* I don't think I've ever done *anything* pervy – that's the honest truth. In fact the only thing I can think of is when we were at school we had these French books, and one of the characters was sort of illustrating the French way of life or whatever. He was called *L'Oncle Martin* and he was an explorer and I thought he was *brilliant* – I thought the sound of that name (*exaggerated French accent*) 'Loooooncle Martaaaan!' was amazing. So I was going to call myself that for a while – on the credits on the records – 'cos I really fancied people wondering who this weird bloke was. Er. . .but even that's not *that* pervy!"

Fair enough. Except it's not really because 10 minutes later Martin Gore willingly removes his very own breeks and the sight is not a pleasant one. What a bonkers bloke he is. . .

And so the first ever party that some pop persons had "thrown" for Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine ended. We sniffled, we blubbed, we bade our farewells – we sauntered *our* way, they stumbled *theirs*. . .Depeche Mode, eh? Pop toffs of the *highest* "order".

▲ Martin: "Off with those breeks!" A *Smash Hits* "journalist": "Not on your *nellie*. . ."

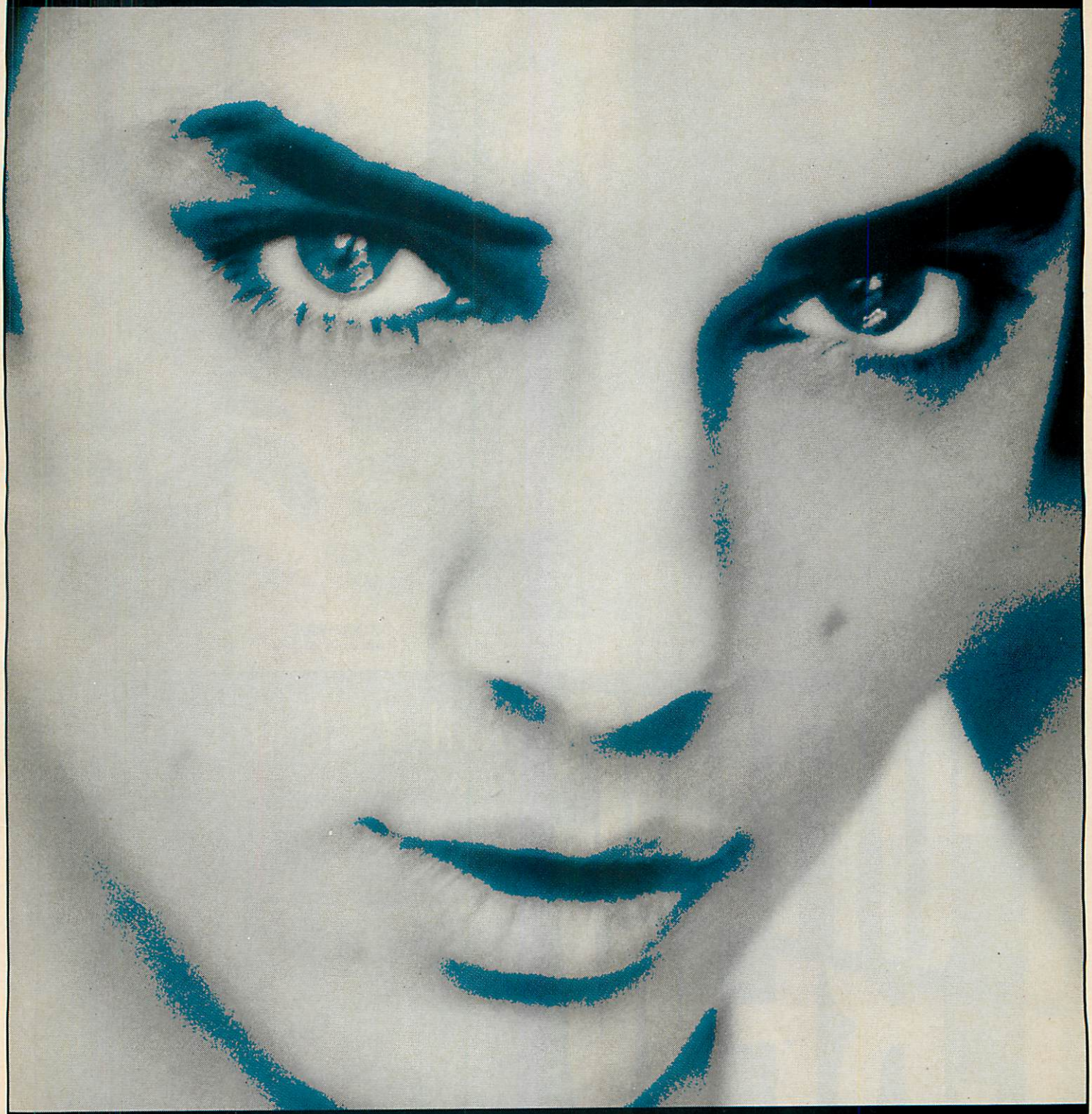
▲ Dave Gahan "posing". A *Smash Hits* "journalist": "I'm going to steal your profiteroles! Har har. . ."

▲ Er. . . everything's gorne a bit "funny". . .

▲ Alan "Wild"er: crazy name, crazy guy!!!!!

▲ Chris fading into oblivion. "Whose idea was this *anyway*? Oh. It was mine. . ."

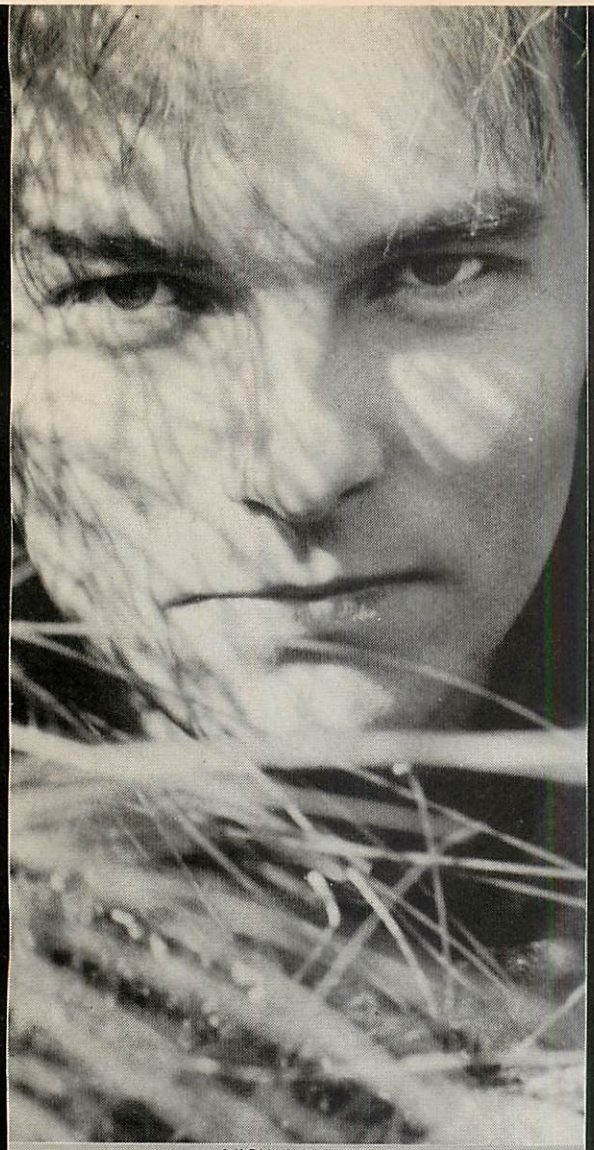
NICK KAMEN



NOBODY ELSE

BRAND NEW 7″ REMIX. 12″ FEATURES ARTHUR BAKER DUB MIX
LIMITED EDITION 12″ CONTAINS FREE POSTER

wea



NICK VAN EEDE
lead vocals, rhythm guitar, additional keys

KEVIN SCOTT MacMICHAEL
guitars – electric, acoustic, roland, emulator, backing vocals

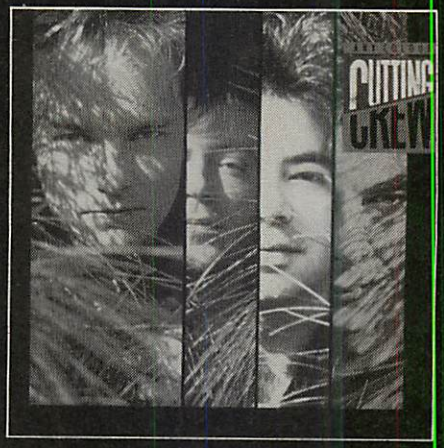
COLIN FARLEY
bass guitar, piano, backing vocals

MARTIN (FROSTY) BEEDLE
drums and percussion, backing vocals

CUTTING CREW

ANY COLOUR

NEW 7" SIREN 47 AND 12" REMIX SIREN 47/12



TAKEN FROM THE LP/MC/CD BROADCAST
WHICH FEATURES "(I JUST) DIED IN YOUR ARMS"
Nº. 1 IN THE U.S.A.

THE SMASH HITS ★ HMV PRIZE CROSSWORD

★ WIN HMV'S TOP TEN ALBUMS

1 **David Bowie** Never Let Me Down
2 **U2** The Joshua Tree
3 **Alison Moyet** Raindancing
4 Now That's What I Call Music 9
5 **Simply Red** Men And Women
6 **Level 42** Running In The Family
7 **Blow Monkeys** She Was Only The Grocer's Daughter
8 **The Cult** Electric
9 **Erasure** Circus
10 **Nick Kamen** Nick Kamen

★ HOW TO ENTER

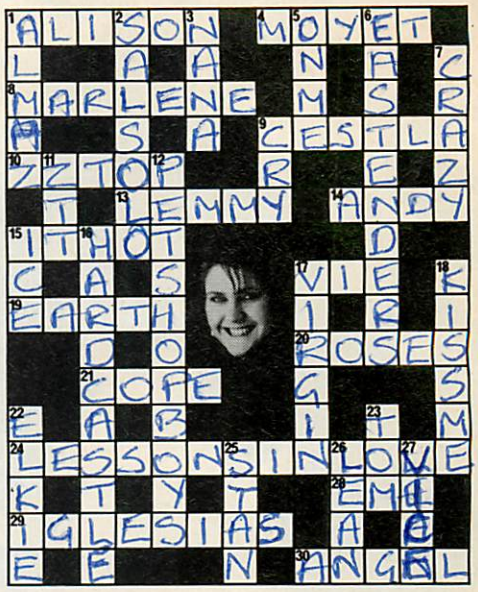
● Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
● Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by May 19):
Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 30, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.
● The first correct entry out of the Ed's new snipaway haircut get HMV's top ten LPs (at the time of going to press).

● ACROSS

1 and **4** See photoclue (6,5)
8 **Suzanne Vega** put her on the wall
9 and **17** across That's life, according to **Robbie Nevil** (4,2,3)
10 **Billy Gibbons**' Texan weird beards (1,1,3)
13 My Mel is **Motorhead**'s main man (anag)
14 **Kershaw**, **Taylor** or **Pandy**?
15 "Some Like -- ---" (**Power Station**) (2,3)
17 See 9 across
19 **Curiosity Killed The Cat** were down to it
20 These bloomers did a lot for **Haywoode**
21 **Julian** who jumped on that misspelt trampolene
24 Did **Level 42** go to a romantic school for these? (7,2,4)
28 **Duran Duran**'s record label (1,1,1)
29 Lisa Gise provides **Julio** with a surname (anag)
30 Move angle slightly for a **Madonna** hit (anag)

● DOWN

1 **Randy Crawford** hit hidden amid calm Aztecs
2 Domehead who was once lead singer with **Classix Nouveaux** (3,4)
3 Anna switches around for Ms **Mouskouri** (anag)
5 See 26 down
6 Lofty, Michelle, Den and Angie for instance
7 Let's go like this, **Prince** once suggested
9 "--- Wolf" (**A-ha**)
11 It's short for **Zang Tuum Tumb** (1,1,1)
12 So soppy Beth comes up with a couple of hitmakers (anag 3,4,4)
15 'Ring Of ---' (**Jennifer Rush**)
16 This **Paul** made 19 into No.1
17 **Richard Branson**'s record company
18 **Stephen Duffy**'s 1985 invitation to pucker up (4,2)
22 **Brooks** who's no more the fool
23 Reverse in MOT finds **Robinson**, **Petty** and actor **Courtney** (anag)
25 Tans all over for singer **Ridgway** (anag)
26 and **5** down An offer of support from **Red Box**? (4,2,2)
27 The sort of crime they have down in Miami?



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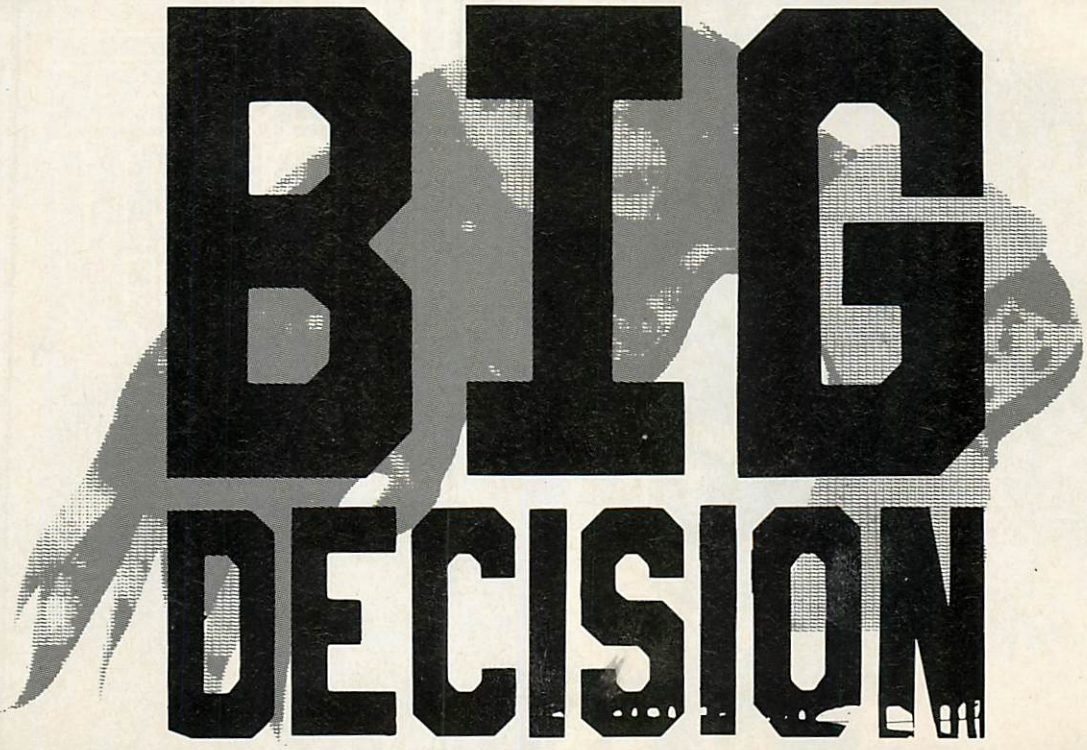
THAT PETROL EMOTION



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LOVE
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by

love and money

7" AND ALSO 12" VERSIONS AVAILABLE
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"HAPPENINGS"

DONINGTON 1987: (*August 22*).

● **Bon Jovi** will be headlining the "festival" this year joined by **Dio**, **Cinderella** and **Metallica**. Tickets priced £15 are available by postal application from Aimcarve Ltd, P.O. Box 123, Aldridge, Walsall, West Midlands WS9 8XY. Applicants should enclose a SAE and send crossed cheques or postal orders for the exact amount made payable to Aimcarve Ltd. A credit card "hot"-line is also in action on 01 741 8989 subject to a booking fee. Tickets are also available from usual agents while tickets on sale on the day will be priced £16.

GO WEST (EXTRA DATE): Oxford Apollo (*June 28*).

● Tickets, available from the box office and usual agents, are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50.

THE PROCLAIMERS: Newcastle Riverside (*June 2*), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (*3*), Kingston Polytechnic (*4*).

● Please contact venues for ticket details.

U2 (EXTRA DATE): Cardiff Arms Park (*July 25*).

● Tickets are available from usual agents and by post (priced £14) from U2 Cardiff Box Office, P.O. Box 124, Aldridge, Walsall, West Midlands WS9 8XX. Please enclose a SAE and make cheques and postal orders payable to MCP. Make sure you add a 30p booking fee and allow 28 days for delivery. A credit card "hot"-line is in operation subject to a booking fee on 01 748 1414.

THE FALL: Weston-Super-Mare Knightstone Centre (*May 7*), Leicester Polytechnic (*9*), Liverpool University (*11*), London Astoria (*13/14*), University of East Anglia Norwich (*15*), Essex University (*16*), Nottingham Rock City (*19*), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (*20*), Cheltenham Town Hall (*22*).

● Please contact venues for ticket details.

THE BIBLE: Bath Moles Club (*May 14*), London Kings College (WC2) (*15*).

● Tickets available from venues. Please check for prices.

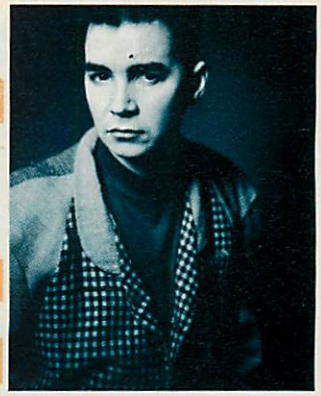
THE BODINES: Manchester Hacienda (*May 7*), Chelmsford Chancellor Rooms (*8*), Stoke Shellies (*12*), Bristol Tropic (*14*), Brighton Zap Club (*15*), Leicester Princess Charlotte (*16*), Sheffield Leadmill (*17*), Birmingham Burberrys (*19*), Leeds Warehouse (*20*), London Astoria (*21*), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (*22*), Hull University (*23*).

● Please contact venues for ticket details.

SUZANNE VEGA (EXTRA DATES): Norwich University Of East Anglia (*November 20*), Edinburgh Usher Hall (*24*), Belfast New Vic (*27*).

● Tickets are priced £7.50 and £6.50 for Belfast and £5 for Norwich and Edinburgh. They are available from the box offices and usual agents.

Gŭng~hõ



PLAY TO WIN

DEBUT SINGLE AVAILABLE AS

7" (WITH FREE CASSETTE), 12", AND CD SINGLE

INFIDELITY

(When a man just can't be trusted)
(And again he's gone and lost it)

Your call has been registered
It'll be returned when I get back home
I've been out loving all night long
I can't help it that love it makes me strong

(When a man just can't be trusted)
(And again and again and again)
(He's gone and lost it) eh now

Ask me all the questions you need
I don't tell lies my conscience don't bleed
You'll get all the time I can give
As long as you respect my freedom to live

(When a man) woo eh (just can't be trusted)
Well it's my middle name
(And again) infidelity
(He's gone and lost it) infidelity (hey now)

(Just can't be just can't be)
(Just can't be just can't no it can't)
(Just can't be just can't be)
(Just can't be just can't)

A kick in the ribs for the arrival late at night
So late in the evening
You could see the morning light
When you're sat up alone
And you wonder where I've been
You can pick up my belongings
And tell me where I can take them

(When a man) woo eh (just can't be trusted)
Oh it's my middle name
(And again) infidelity
(He's gone and lost it) infidelity
(When a man) woo eh (just can't be trusted)
Oh lord I'm a sinner now
(And again he's gone and lost it)
Oh I just can't be trusted now

(Just can't be just can't be)
(Just can't be just can't)
No I can't

Repeat above three times

(Infidelity infidelity infidelity)

Words and music by Mick Hucknall/Lamont Dozier
Reproduced by permission SBK Songs/So What Ltd
On Elektra Records

CURIOSITY

Chorus
Curiosity I've got to know
Is she just a play thing
Curiosity I wanna know
Baby can I pull your string

At every dance she is on your arm
You even let her drive your car
She wears your ring
You treat her oh so fine
But you're telling me
That I'm the one who's on your mind
When she took a walk to the ladies room
You didn't hesitate to run to me
I don't wanna be caught in the middle with you
But your charm is getting the best of me

Repeat chorus

When you get home
Out of the social light
You call me with the same excuse
I get upset
But you talk so smooth
Got me running round in circles feeling so confused
One thing that I've learned
Is to be careful what you're wishing for
'Cos what you receive
Isn't always what you need
But you are the star in all my dreams

Repeat chorus

Baby I wanna be just a play thing
Baby I've got to have it all
Baby I wanna be just a play thing
Baby I've got to have it all

Curiosity I've got to know is she just a play thing
Curiosity I wanna know baby can I pull your string
Curiosity I've got to know is she just a play thing
Curiosity I wanna know baby can I pull your string

Words & music J. Knight/A. Zigman ● Reproduced by permission Rondor Music (London) Ltd ● On MCA Records

THE JETS

A BOY FROM NOWHERE

**The nights grow cold my search for gold is leading nowhere
Whichever lonely road I take it seems to go where
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow
A man's place on earth I have come to realise is decided by birth**

**So what's the future
No matter where I go I will still belong in Andalusia
Where we don't know where the next penny's coming from
Something's wrong**

**I vow to Spain I won't remain a boy from nowhere
There has to be a place for me and I must go there
I don't fantasise unlike a million others
Not a man alive had to beg or steal or fight more than me to survive**

**So what's the future
No matter where I go I will still belong in Andalusia
Where good honest men grow weak and the rich grow strong
Something's wrong**

**Another dawn another born a boy from nowhere
Like destiny we'll guarantee I'll only go where
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow
One more mouth to feed and the way things are around here
That's the last thing they need**

Words and music by M. Leander/E. Seago
Reproduced by permission Morrison Leahy Music/Matador Music
On Epic Records

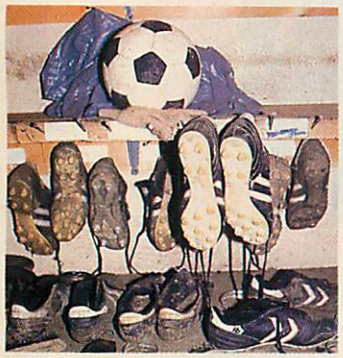
GLENN AND CHRIS

Why are these two famous footballers zwinging their way up the flingaway charts?

Why do their team-mates "compare" them to Wham!?*(?)*

And why do they think the man from *Smash Hits* is a bit of a clot? . . .

In the back of a black swank chauffeur-driven limo that's winging its way through the streets of London sit two very famous football players. One of them's got a footballer style haircut and a "casual" designer sweatshirt thing on and is called Glenn Hoddle. The other one looks more like an "ordinary bloke" and is called Chris Waddle. Several weeks ago they both decided that they were going to become pop stars and so they tried their hand at releasing a pop record. Now, sitting in this car that's taking them swiftly from a meeting to their team's football ground at Tottenham "Hot"spur, they are trying their hand at doing a pop interview.



▲ Some "things" that are, apparently, quite useful when you're playing football.

"It's like this," pronounces Glenn Hoddle. "Footballers these days go into different things. Some go into stocks and shares and some go into insurance. Me and Chris like music and this was an opportunity. Like we didn't sit down and say 'let's go into the music game'. We sort of *fell* into it.

"To be honest we went out to a 'do' last year and some bright spark said 'Go up and sing with the band', so we did. We sang a couple of Beatles numbers and a mate of ours who knew somebody who was a songwriter said it sounded quite good and he asked us 'have you ever thought of making a record?'"

And – presto! – so they did . . .

Isn't it a bit odd that "Diamond Lights" isn't like every other football record? Why doesn't it go "herewego herewego herewego"?

Glenn: "Myself and Chris have been asked to do songs like that over the years but we didn't really want to do that. I mean, I love music, Chris loves music. We thought if we were going to do it we should attempt something that's serious."

Aren't footballers supposed to have crap voices?

Glenn: (*snapping*) "I don't know. Is there a law against footballers singing?"

Indeed there is not, but imagine the state that pop music would get into if *all* footballers started making records.

Glenn: "I think they *should*! I hope another footballer puts a record out after ours. It's a funny thing. There's a lot of footballers who love music and who go to a lot of pop concerts like we do. There's pop music being played on coaches up and down the country all the time and hopefully, like, maybe, we might be able to bridge a little gap between football and pop." (*?*)

But how would you feel if lots of pop stars suddenly decided to become footballers??!! Wouldn't that be a bit alarming?

Glenn: "It *would* be *interesting*, wouldn't it?" (*Snorts rudely as if the very thought of pop stars playing football was preposterous.*) "But then if there was someone good enough . . . take Rod Stewart. He was on the books of some team when he was very young and I know he's a good player."

Quite. So which of you has got the best voice then?

Glenn: (*snapping "testily"*) "Who's got the best voice out of John Lennon and Paul McCartney? It's not a question of who's got the best voice. Everyone has opinions about that, don't they?"

Chris: (*trying to be a bit more helpful*) "In the chorus I sung the low bit and he sung the high bit but all the rest was done together more or less."

And how are you two going to handle the temptations of the rock 'n' roll world then? Are you going to start throwing televisions out of your hotel room windows and things like that?

Glenn: (*growling grumpily*) "Don't ask *silly* questions like that."

Chris: "I very much doubt it. We'll just use our common sense. We're footballers, not pop stars. Footballers are down to earth."

Glenn: (*snorts*) "I mean, I've got two kids at home."

Isn't it true that even your team-mates think it's a bit of a lark and have taken to calling you "Spam!" because of apparent "similarities" to George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley?

Chris: (*chortling*) "That's just something that the lads have been ribbing us about. It's just a bit of fun, that's all."

Glenn: "We'd have been a bit worried if they *hadn't* took the mickey. But they all like the record now they've heard it. We were coming back in the coach the other day and they kept putting it on the video. Me and Chris were trying to get it off. They know all the words now, don't they Chris? Ossie (*Ossie Ardiles, Tottenham's Argentinian "midfield" "genius"*) goes round singing it all the time."

▲ Hoddle (left) and Waddle wriggling about and trying to look like pop stars.

So which one of you's the Andrew Ridgeley figure then?

Chris: (*chuckling*) "Oh, I don't know about this Spam! bit. I can't play the guitar, so I must be Andrew Ridgeley if that's what you mean. Ha! ha! ha! No, it's been interesting to hear what people think we *do* sound like. We've had people saying it sounds like Mr Mister. In one of the papers it said it sounds like Ultravox."

Mr Mister??? Do you, er, take that as a compliment?

Glenn: "Yeah, we *like* Mr Mister."

Oh. What was the last concert you went to?

Glenn: "Chris is going to see Michael MacDonald tonight actually . . . The last one we both went to was Rod Stewart, wasn't it Chris?"

Do you have big record collections?

Chris: "He's got five or six hundred."

What's the dodgiest record he's got?

Chris: (*sniggering*) "I'd say about two hundred of them."

Glenn: "Ha ha ha ha."

Chris: "Actually it's probably the Johnny Mathis one."

And what does Glenn think of Chris' musical "taste"?

Glenn: "Oh God! Where to *start*? (*sniggers at Chris*) You were into The Clash and all that, weren't you? I never really got into all that. I was brought up on The Eagles. The Sex Pistols and all that are the sort of stuff I throw straight into the bin."

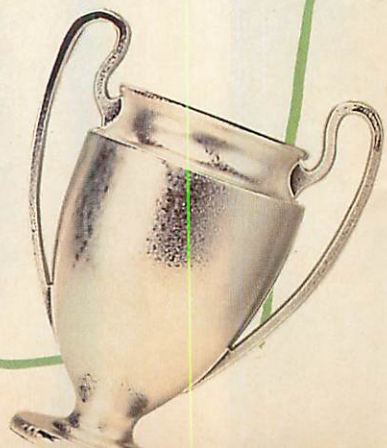
So does this mean you're going to split because of "musical differences" before the next single?

Chris: "If we answer any more of these questions about each other, then there could be a split very shortly."

Glenn: "The minute we get out of the car, in fact."

Chris: "Actually, I'm looking for a new singing partner now."

Glenn: (*winds down window and shouts at unsuspecting pedestrian*) "Excuse me. Can you sing?"



● **Interview:** William "Sick As A Parrot" Shaw
● **Photos:** Tim "Over The Moon" Bauer

The Glenn and Chris Guide to How To Play Football if you're a complete bimbo who doesn't know the first thing about it

Glenn: "First you buy a football."
Chris: "Then you buy a pair of football boots. . ." (*pause*)
Glenn: "It's not very easy to explain . . ."
Chris: "Well, you've got 11 men chasing after a ball. You see, if you've never even seen a game of football it's really hard to know where to begin. Obviously you've got two opposing teams who . . . erm . . . they're playing on this pitch and the object of the game is obviously winning and they chase this ball. . . .It's very hard to explain."
Glenn: "There's a quote from the late Bill Shankly – he was a famous football manager who was with Liverpool years ago – he said 'football's not life and death, it's more important than that', and that's the attitude of some people in football. That shows what it can do for you. So to go through the actual rules would be a bit strange . . . (*pause*) The best way to learn is to go and watch a game."
And . . . er . . . that's it!

DIAMOND LIGHTS
GLENN AND CHRIS

Eyes that freeze like ice
Cold electric blue
Cold diamond lights
You've a heart of stone
Solid stone for me

The colours changed
Rearranged our life
Can't explain so afraid tonight

Chorus
Darling I love you (my diamond lights)
I'll always want you
Darling I love you (my diamond lights)
I'll always need you

Oh darling
Diamond
Diamond lights

Standing in the rain
Cold electric sky no diamond lights
Now I'm on my own
So alone oh darling

The colours changed rearranged our life
Can't explain so afraid tonight

Repeat chorus

Oh darling
Diamond lights cold as ice to me
(Cold as ice to me)
Diamond lights cold as ice to me

Repeat chorus twice

Diamond diamond lights
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Bob Puzey/Reproduced by permission Record Shack Music Ltd
On Record Shack Records

PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN,
INSIST ON AN ORIGINAL.
FRED PERRY
SPORTSWEAR
THE ORIGINAL "PIQUE" STYLE SHIRT BY FRED PERRY. AVAILABLE IN 35 VIBRANT SHADES.

* Starship *

Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now

Looking in your eyes I see a paradise
This world that I found is too good to be true
Standing here beside you
Want so much to give you this love
In my heart that I'm feeling for you

Let them say we're crazy
I don't care about that
Put your hand in my hand baby
Don't ever look back
Let the world around us just fall apart
Baby we can make it if we're heart to heart

Chorus
And we can build this dream together
Standing strong forever
Nothing's gonna stop us now
And if this world runs out of lovers
We'll still have each other
Nothing's gonna stop us
Nothing's gonna stop us now

Oh oh oh

I'm so glad I found you
I'm not gonna lose you whatever it takes
I will stay here with you
Take it to the good times
See it through the bad times
Whatever it takes is what I'm gonna do

Let them say we're crazy
What do they know
Put your arms around me baby
Don't ever let go
Let the world around us just fall apart
Baby we can make it if we're heart to heart

Repeat chorus

Ooh all that I need is you
All that I ever need
All that I want to do
Is hold you forever
Ever and ever
Hey

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Warren/Hammond
Reproduced by permission SBK Songs/Empire Music Ltd
On Grunt/RCA Records

The Cult

Lil' Devil

Yeah living in a shack in a one horse town
Trying to get to heaven 'fore the sun going down
Lizard in a bottle yeah

Dizzy in a haze for forty days
Hey there lil' devil
Come on lil' devil
Be my little angel
Come on lil' devil
Be my angel

Oh she came on with an alligator smile
Dynamite lover scorpion child
Trying to get to heaven 'fore the sun goes down
Yeah
She came on with a cyclone kiss
Hey there baby you don't never miss
Lizard in a bottle oh yeah

Come on lil' devil
Be my little angel
Come on lil' devil
Be my angel
Come on lil' devil
Be my little angel
Come on lil' devil
Be my little angel angel
Come on lil' devil
Be my little angel
Come on lil' devil
Be my oh be my angel

Words and music by Astbury/Duffy
Reproduced by permission Chappel Music
On Beggars Banquet Records

"I wear what I like!"
GIRLS, IN-STYLE
Jacket.
Ages 8-11 yrs.
£11.99.
Ages 12-15 yrs.
£12.99.
Skirt.
Ages 8-11 yrs.
£5.99.
Ages 12-15 yrs.
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Blouse
from a range.
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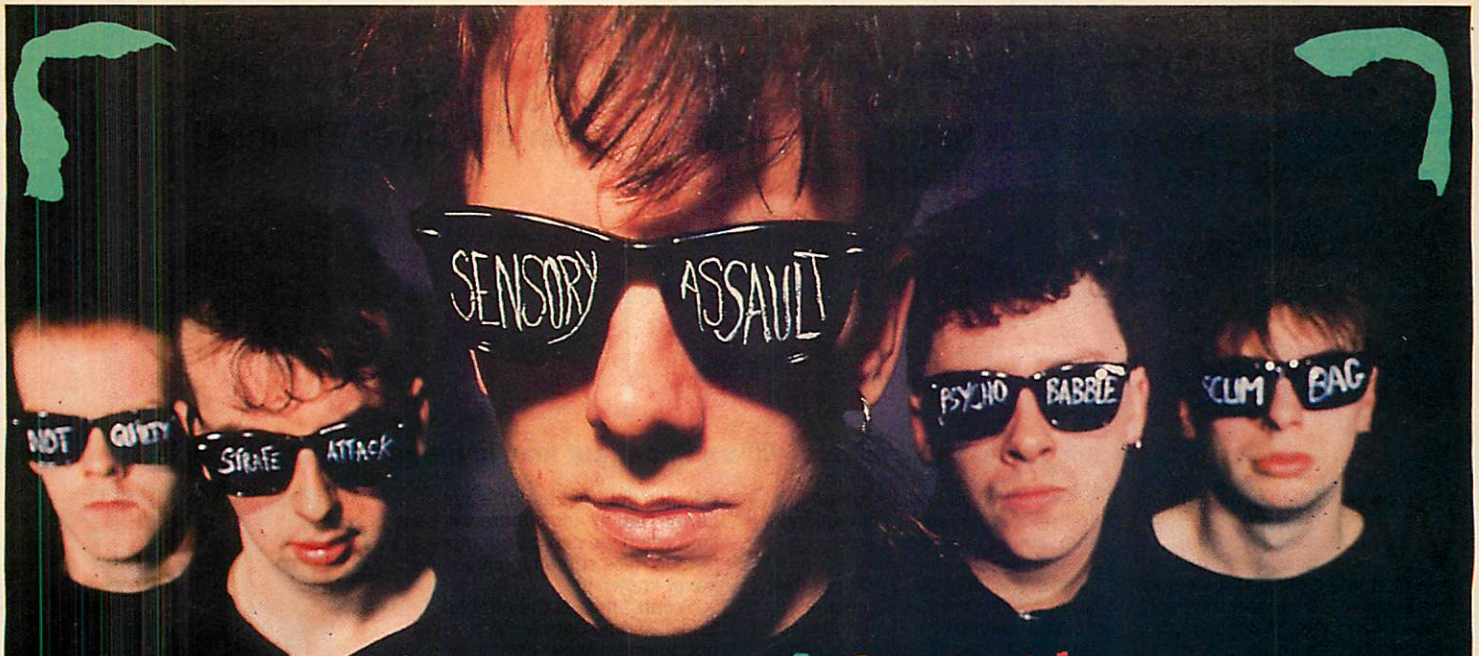
Where value is
always in fashion.



THAT PETROL EMOTION 'BIG DECISION'

See my honey in the street
It's desolate but where she likes to meet
Economies get weaker reactionaries stronger
As they get satisfaction on their knees

CHORUS
You'd rather sail the ocean
Than make a big decision

I won't function any more
Plastic bullet chic headlines in store

Businessmen get richer individuals stronger
Bells won't ring
When scum boot down the door

REPEAT CHORUS

What you gotta do in this day and age
You gotta agitate educate and organise
Take the time to live
Take the time to give
You gotta agitate educate organise

See my honey in the street
It's desolate but where she likes to meet
I'd like to keep her and make her even sweeter
For anyone who cares to be believed

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

What you gotta do in this day and age
You gotta agitate educate and organise
Take the time to live take the time to give
You gotta agitate educate organise

● Words and music by S. O'Neill ● Reproduced by permission Copyright Control ● On Polydor Records ●

HOW TO UPGRADE YOUR STEREO FOR AROUND £1

New stereo? Terrific sound! Trouble is, something can come between you and your favourite music. Earwax. Sharp sounds can sound pretty dull when earwax builds up. Don't turn up the volume – turn to Earex instead.

This special blend of natural oils helps clear problem earwax to sharpen up your hearing. Earex is simple to use, won't show and it could save the discomfort of syringing. Better still you get sharper sound for around a pound.

Clearer ears for sharper hearing

- They're all brothers and sisters (except two *aren't*)!
- They've got no girlfriends or boyfriends!
- They used to be called the South Seas Starlets!
- They giggle at toilet seats floating down the River Thames!
- They're The Jets and they admit:

"Some People Think We're Not Normal"

"I wouldn't say that," mutters William Shaw (our man in the white coat)

"Wow! Hey look over there! A man on a *horse*! Just look at his costume," pipes an excited tourist called Moana, pointing at a swanky horseguard who's perched in front of one of London's "historic" sight-seeing spots. The tourist's coach swings round a corner and another "historic" building looms. "See there? It's that big palace again. What's it called? Oh, the Houses of Parliament, right."

Yus, these people just *love* the quaint old city of London. "I'm just amazed," froths a chap called Eddie. "It's historic! It was one of my goals to come here and see things like the Tower of London and the Queen's palace. It's all so *old*. I've seen these places which date from when I wasn't even thought of!"

"We went to see the cathedral," blurts another one called Kathy. "What's it called? Oh yes, St Paul's Cathedral."

These, however, are no *ordinary* tourists. They are, in fact, those legendary tunesome Tongans The Jets! Yes, all eight of them (plus their parents Mr and Mrs Wolfgramm who originally hail from that miniscule island in the Pacific), have popped over to London for a few days. They've been dashing about hither and thither doing interviews and appearing on television but today is going to be a bit of a "treat". They're going for a cruise on the "historic" old river Thames. The only drawback is that even then they'll still be working because on board the boat, waiting for the Jets' coach to arrive, is an entire TV crew from the show *No Limits* who want to film the family performing one of their songs (the

▲ Rock out with the Wolfgramm family!!!

next single "You've Got It All") on the river. But then all work and not much play at all is how it's been for the last 10 years in the Wolfgramm family, ever since they decided they wanted to turn into a "musical pop family" like The Jacksons, The Osmonds and Five Star.

Even when they have a "break" from performing they go back to their home town of Minneapolis, where they live in the next suburb to Prince, and instead of relaxing they spend their entire time rehearsing.

"It's basically like a 10 hour day, says Eddie, "maybe sometimes a 15 hour day, so it's like a full time job, you know. We spend our time learning dance routines, practising songs for six hours a day, learning new ones."

Golly.

It all started when some of the older ones used to appear alongside their mother who used to perform a cabaret routine. Then their parents had the bright idea that the children should try to perform on their own: Leroy, the oldest in the family, clearly remembers that "historic" first appearance at a wedding in 1977; "We only had about 10 songs learned and we had to play them over and over again for *six* hours."

Thus began their career as a club "novelty" act, playing millions of dodgy cover versions and dressing up in Tongan costumes. First they called themselves The Wolfgramm Phenomenon, but that didn't have the right ring to it so they changed it to The Polynesian Pearls, but that *certainly* didn't have the right ring to it so they changed it to The South Seas Starlets (*!*) before they finally chose the name The Jets.

"We were a bar band and we'd play just about *anything*," recalls Leroy. "We'd do heavy metal (*?!*), polkas, rhythm and blues. If we saw a guy walk in wearing a cowboy hat we'd play some Slim Whitman (*ageing country crooner*), if we saw a black guy come in we'd jump into something funky."

Spookily enough, just like that other singing family of the '70s The Osmonds, The Jets are all devout believers in the religious cult of Mormonism which is based in Salt Lake City USA. None of them are allowed to drink alcohol or consume any other "stimulants", and they all regularly attend the church's religious meetings.

And here's another "odd" thing: not one of them has got any "romantic" attachments at *all*! "Well we have a lot of fans that we write to," they explain, "like we write to them and they write back to us, but we don't really get much chance of having personal relationships going because we're looking forward to our career all the time."

What's more, none of them seem to think this is particularly strange. "No, it's not frustrating," says Leroy, "we all know there will be a time when we can go out more. It's hard to miss something if you've never known it."

"Yeah," muses the affable Eddie, "some people think we're not normal. I know what they mean, but *we* consider ourselves as normal."

The coach draws up to a jetty in a particularly dismal part of London and The Jets bound out. All the time they've been in London they've been followed round by this lorry with a huge great Jets poster on it – some advertising "gimmick" dreamt up by a bright "spark" at their record company. All eight of them assemble in front of the huge advert and pose for a photo while their manager stands at the side, barking out the odd instruction and telling them not to hold their thumbs aloft all the time because he thinks it looks "silly".

▲ Elizabeth and Moana "steering" the boat past Big Ben.

Then – hooray – it's time to jump on the boat and meet the *No Limits* crew who spend the rest of the day trying to remember all the Wolfgramm's names and always end up getting them wrong anyway. "Don't worry about it," quips Kathy, "it happens all the time. *Everybody* does it."

Finally the boat casts off and chugs down the river past a load of derelict and not very "historic" houses. By now it's raining but, despite the mist, The Jets' enthusiasm for all things British remains undeminished.

"Look!" chirps one of them pointing at a large object floating in the slimy looking water. "What's that?"

"That" turns out to be a fridge which somebody's lobbed into the Thames.

"Yeah, look over there," says one of the girls giggling. An abandoned toilet set floats past the river boat. Oh dear.

When it comes to working in front of the cameras The Jets are,

▲ Can you spot which ones are the *real* Jets?

naturally, most professional, jiggling away like the seasoned troopers they are. In between shots they wait patiently munching crisps and drinking *Coca-Cola*. Haini sneaks off into a corner to read a book on how to become a rich and successful American businessman and Leroy twiddles away at his "licks" and explain how much he likes Eddie "Van" Halen.

The girls sit in another corner boisterously singing harmonies together. One moment they're doing an old Beatles song, the next it's a strange version of Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody". "We do this all the time," they chortle. What an *odd* family they are.

Actually they're not strictly a family at all. Eugene and Eddie are cousins who've been adopted into the Wolfgramms though both of them do refer to Mr and Mrs Wolfgramm as their parents. "We have to express our gratitude to our parents. They've done such a wonderful job and they're 100% behind us," rabbits Eddie.

One final spookier-than-spook fact is that Mr and Mrs Wolfgramm actually hold regular "family councils" for all the family. "There's one *every* Monday night," says Leroy, "and sometimes we hold them two or three times a week. My mum and dad preside over the meetings and if someone has a grudge, or if we get into fights, then we talk about it and we level these things out. If we didn't have these meetings we probably wouldn't be able to stay around as a group."

After Elizabeth has been hauled off one last time for yet another shot of her pretending to sing, the eight Wolfgramm siblings all sit themselves around a table and are soon deeply involved in a game called "Last Card".

"Woooooooooo!" they shout.
"Ha ha ha!" they laugh.
"Ahhhhh!" they gasp.
"Last card!" they chortle.
What a *rum* family they are.

From left: (back row) Haini, Eddie, Moana, Eugene, (middle) Rudy, Kathy, Leroy, (front) Elizabeth.

Photos: Paul Rider

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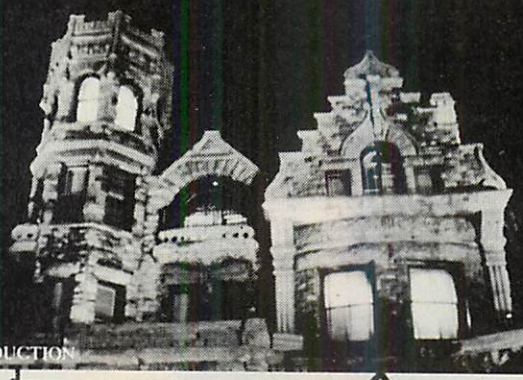

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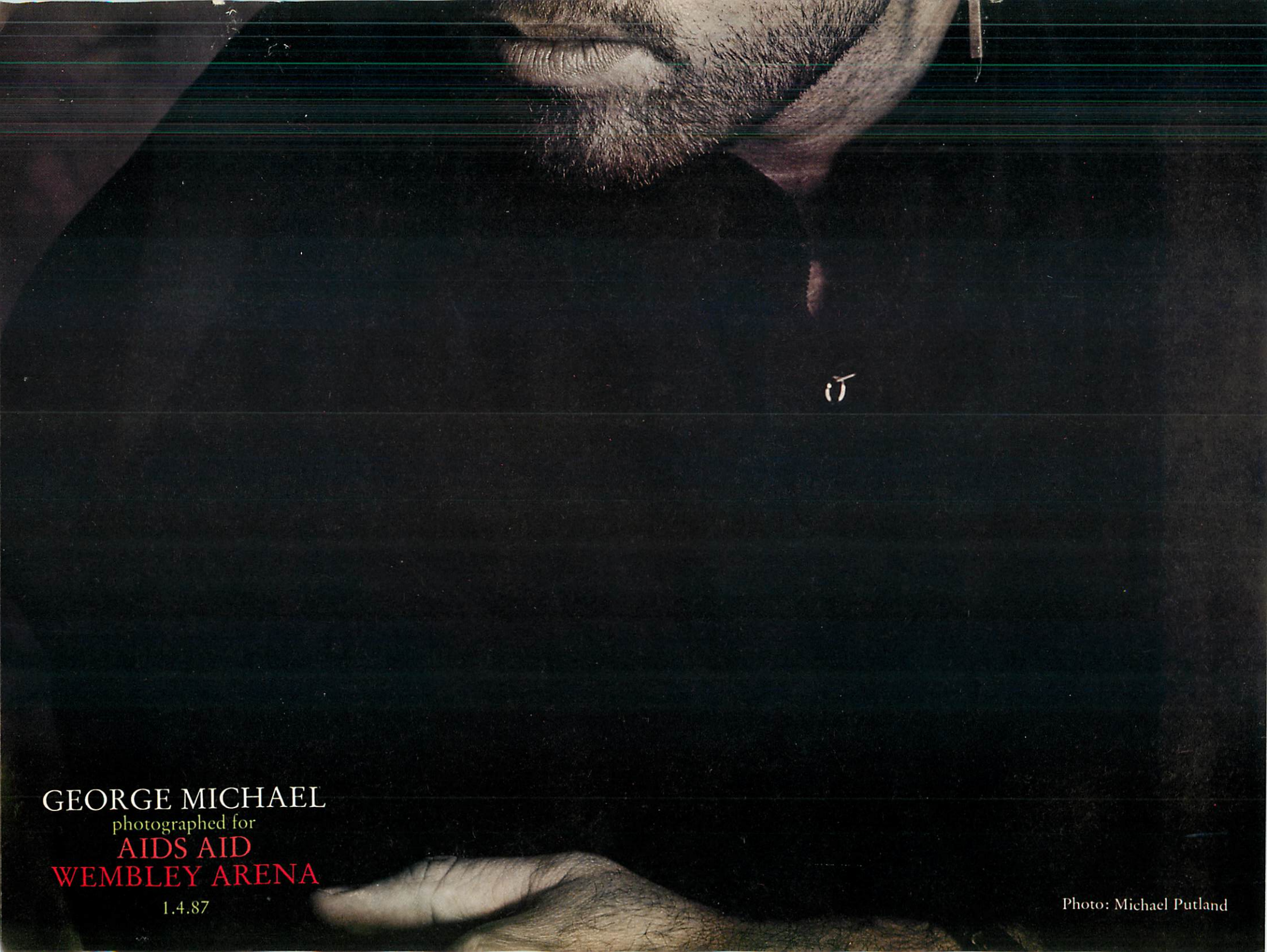
GEORGE MICHAEL
photographed for
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1.4.87
Photo: Michael Putland

★STAR TEASER

● All the names on the right are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the words are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

T	H	E	W	O	L	L	I	O	T	D	E	S	N	E	C	I	L
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O	O	H	G	Z	C	M	E	L	E	H	N	B	I	H	L	M	R
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R	A	G	N	F	H	G	U	I	R	R	O	R	L	E	C	I	J
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R	S	D	R	Y	R	O	T	S	E	L	O	H	W	E	H	T	T

● Glimpse to your right for the answers

- ● ALCHEMY
- ● ALF
- ● ARETHA
- ● AUGUST
- ● CONTROL
- ● COMMUNARDS
- ● DANCING ON THE CEILING
- ● DECEPTION
- ● DIFFERENT LIGHT
- ● DISCO
- ● FORE
- ● GET CLOSE
- ● GRACELAND
- ● INTO THE LIGHT
- ● LICENSED TO ILL
- ● L IS FOR LOVER
- ● LIVE MAGIC
- ● MEN AND WOMEN
- ● MOVE CLOSER
- ● PICTURE BOOK
- ● RAINDANCING
- ● RAPTURE
- ● RECKLESS
- ● REVENGE
- ● RUMOURS
- ● RUNNING IN THE FAMILY
- ● SAINT JULIAN
- ● SCOUNDREL DAYS
- ● SLIPPERY WHEN WET
- ● STAND BY ME
- ● THE FINAL
- ● THE JOSHUA TREE
- ● THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN
- ● TRUE BLUE
- ● TUTTI FRUTTI
- ● UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY
- ● WILD FRONTIER
- ● ZAZU
- ● THE WHOLE STORY

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PUZZLE ANSWERS
PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 28 (8 April)
● The winner is **Emma Pollard** from Nailsea in Bristol.
No. 29 (22 April)
● The winner will be announced in the next issue: meanwhile the answers are down below:

ACROSS: 1 Mick Hucknall; 7 Lou Reed; 9 Toy; 10 Oboe; 12 "Thorn In My Side"; 14 Duran (Duran); 16 "(I Can) Prove (It)"; 17 Nik (Kershaw); 18 "(Shot In) The Dark"; 22 Rod (Stewart); 24 Yacht; 25 (Five) Star; 27 "(You're My Favourite) Waste Of (Time)"; 30 "(When A Man Loves) A Woman"; 31 Midge (Ure)

DOWN: 1 "Male Stripper"; 2 "Crush On You"; 3 Huey (Lewis); 4 "Nobody's Diary"; 5 "(I Won't) Let (The Sun Go Down On Me)"; 6 "Kyrie"; 8 "(Shake You) Down"; 11 Mirren; 13 "(You Give Love A Bad) Name"; 15 "Nikita"; 19 Hot (Chocolate); 20 (Duran) Duran; 21 Kate (Bush); 23 (Billy) Ocean; 25 "(How) Soon (Is Now)"; 26 "(Take My Breath) Away"; 28 Tom; 29 OMD.

STAR TEASER

T Rex

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Haf Found Bormann
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HOLOVISION
MAKING HOLOGRAMS PART OF TODAYS WORLD
50p OFF
THE FALL.

KIRK BRANDON (SPEAR OF

Full name: Just Kirk Brandon – that's it! That's what I was christened – my father was Brandon and. . . yeah, my mother was Kirk heh heh. (?)

Born: On August 3rd, 1956 – in Westminster, London, so I was practically born on the River Thames.

Where do you live now? Near Baker Street, London W1 – trendy address, uh? It's pretty quiet really, *very* quiet – a residential street where I've got a tiny little poky flat the size of a hat-box. I *literally* live in a hat-box. It's on the second floor and it's only got two rooms – the front room, the bedroom, toilet-cum-bathroom and a kitchen that you can literally get three people in. That's four rooms? Well, it feels like two. It's full of art-deco junk shop rubbish and a rotten old sofa that's falling apart. It doesn't have moths in it! Only *me* heh heh. (?)

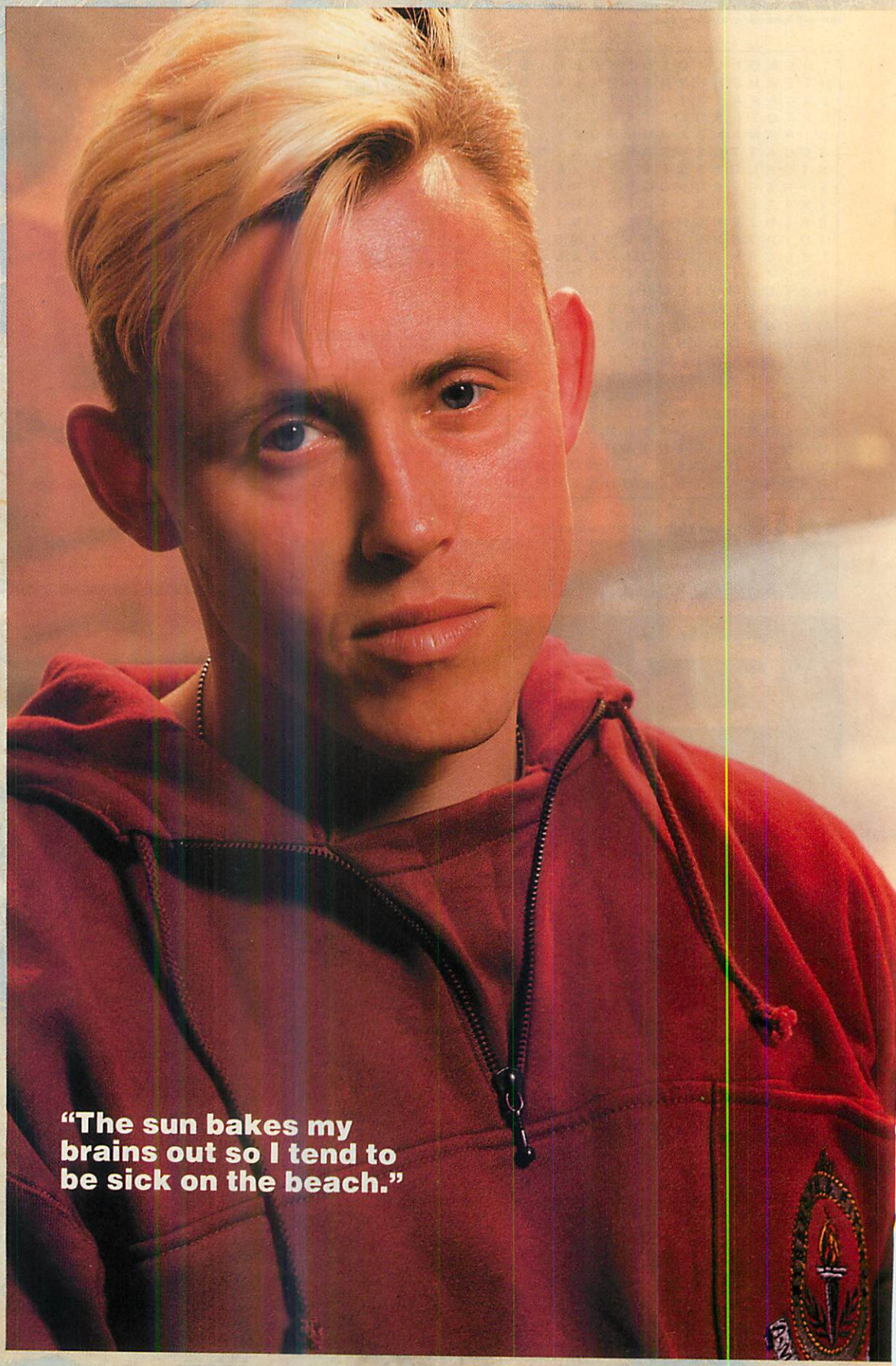
First record bought: "Voodoo Chile" by Jimi Hendrix – a *great* record. I can't remember how old I was. . . er, well I'm 30 now so in 1977 I was 20 and in 1967 I was 10 so I was 12, 13, 14 or something. (?) I heard it on the radio and just thought it was *fantastic*, *mind-blowing* – it was the space-man type guitar, wasn't it? The *ultimate*, really *wild*!, it freaked me out maaaan heheheh.

First crush: Hmnmnmn, now what was her name. . . Tarren Hill. Yeah, when I was about 12 at school. It was love at first sight, definitely, but she's turned out to be an old boiler heh heh. That's not very nice? Well, sometimes life has a way of not being very nice. Hmn, I can't remember what we used to do together – I think we just held hands and told each other lies. Er. . . hah! (?)

Have you got a life-sized cardboard cut-out of Lord Frederick Lucan of Mercury in your bathroom? *Who*? Frederick Mercury? Er. . . no. I've got a few plants, a big mirror. . . er, and millions of clothes. I sort of collect clothes and then don't wear them 'cos I only wear a couple of things – a couple of red tops, me jeans, a leather jacket, a big lone horse-riding coat for when it rains and that's about it. Everything else just *lies* there. Why? Er. . . dunno! Probably because I'm mad, yeah.

Have you ever owned an Austrian shepherd boy puppet? I did have a teddy bear that had a musical box in it. I can't remember what it used to play, 'cos my uncles, in a fit of spitefulness, took the music box out and killed him. I was devastated, very unhappy. They thought it was a very funny thing to do and I *cried* – you're very sensitive when you're that young. I *loved* his musical box – it had an old tinkly tune. . .

What's the most abysmal book you've ever read? I read a book the other day by a bloke called Robert or something Ludlum



"The sun bakes my brains out so I tend to be sick on the beach."

Photo: Paul Rider

DESTINY)

(*v.famous author Robert Ludlum actually – Literary Ed.*) and that was abysmal. The first 20 pages was non-stop murder and killing and stupid dialogue. . . *ridiculous*. I bought it from a book-stall in Los Angeles just for something to read on the plane and I gave it back to them in disgust. I don't read many books anyway but I know an abysmal one when I read it.

Are you a natural blond (hem hem)? I used to be years ago until I started bleaching it. Punk rock made me start. And I didn't enjoy it *at all* – the *burning* on your 'ead. I'm willing to put up with it for the effect though. I must have bleached my hair *hundreds* of times. Maybe one day I'll wake up and it'll all be lying on my pillow. If that happened I'd just shave it all off. Er. . . there wouldn't be any to shave off hahaha! (*?*)

Do you believe in spook doctors? What the 'ell's that? (*Funny men in white coats who stick pins in funny places – A Spook Doctor.*) It's acupuncture, actually. It's done things for me *sure* or I wouldn't go. I had chronic bronchitis once and all the pills I was given did nothing and the acupuncture cleared it up almost *immediately*. It's brilliant, it's for real, it's not some crank thing, you know. *Recently*, western doctors have been able to put people's arms back on when they've been severed (*?*) but they've been doing that in China with acupuncture for hundreds of thousands of years. The West is just *beginning* to understand it – doctors in the last couple of decades have started taking pictures of the energy field that's around people and up until then they didn't even believe that *existed*. We're *beginners* here in understanding the nature of the body and the psyche – because the mind and the body are totally related, they've got to be haven't they? And to deal with one and not the other is a *mistake*. I mean, if you cut off your finger it's your *brain* that tells you you're in pain, not your finger. Acupuncture's certainly made me feel more well adjusted in me 'ead, anyway.

Do you own an item of clothing that's worse than Nick Kamen's *Deputy Dawg* hat? I haven't actually *seen* it! Horrible is it? Mmmn. I've got a few hats – a few Austrian hats, some English gent's hats, a few army hats and a checked hat which is my favourite – somebody nicked it for me. I thought it was *great* that it was nicked – crime *pays*. Is that one of my philosophies? Well, I think it's become more and more obvious nowadays that it *does* pay hihih! (*?*)

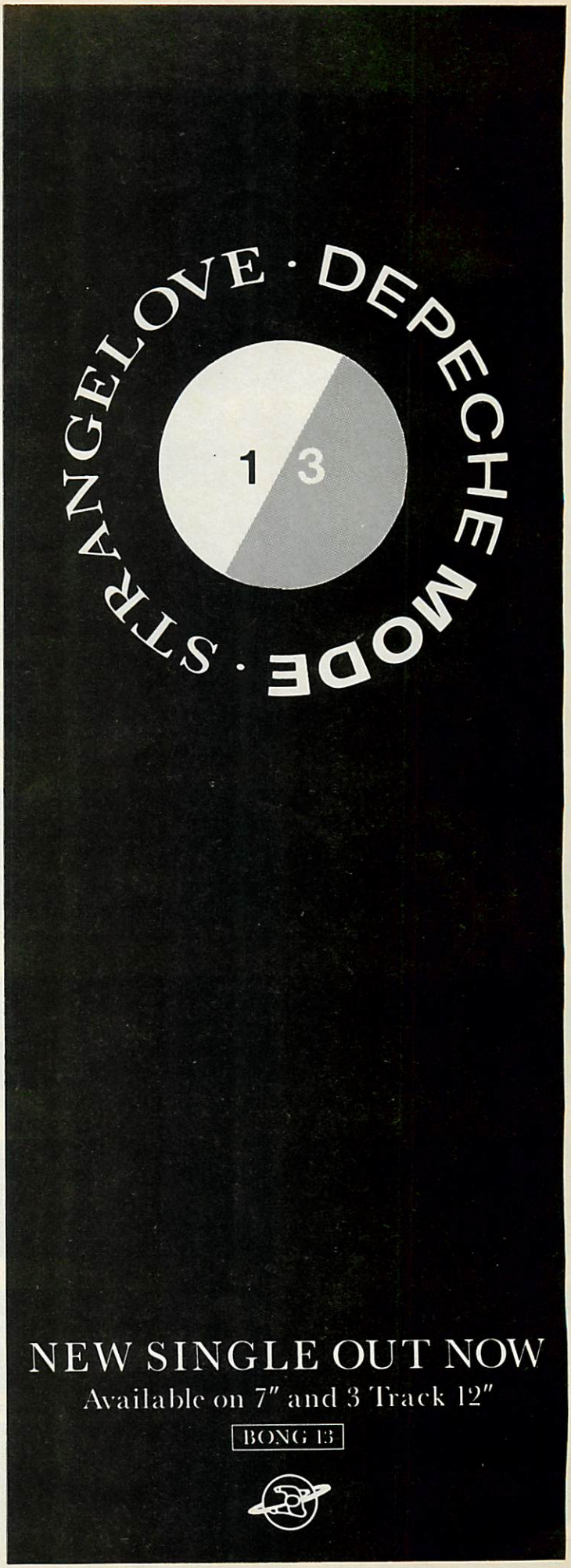
What's the best dance-routine you've ever seen on *Come Dancing*? That was a salsa. It was really funny – they were dressed up like little robots, very shiny and metallic and the dancing was *great*. It was just so typically BBC that I felt compelled to watch it. *Come Dancing* is one of the funniest programmes on TV – especially with that bloke David Jacobs. He used to do that hit or a miss thing. . . urr! urr!. . . what was it called? *Juke Box Jury* (*v. ancient "pop" panel TV programme*) – that was it. *Brilliant*.

Have you ever been sick on a daffodil? *What*? No! I've never been sick on a garden either, no! I'm usually sick on the beach. Why? Because the sun bakes my brains out – I can't stand the heat and it makes me physically sick. So I wear hats all the time in the summer. Cricket hats are the best. With a big keg of beer in front of me. Which probably contributes to my being sick on the beach heheh. Naaaah, I don't drink much actually, never have done – I just don't have the inclination to get blotto much. I go out driving in the car instead. Round London at night – I really like that, it *cleans up* at night, you know. So I drive around looking at the lights and the river and. . . well, it's all pretty normal stuff, really. (*?*)

What does the "T" in Captain James "T" Kirk stand for? I don't know! What *does* it stand for? Tiberius? *Really*? Aaaaah, related to Shakespeare, eh? (*?*) It's Roman, isn't it? That's *great* – that's a *good* name. I'm not going to tell anybody that – they can find out for themselves. (*?*)

Who polished the skirting boards when you lived in the squat with Boy George? Er. . . the Metropolitan Police ha ha! It was a den of thieves – most squats are, aren't they ha ha! *I* didn't go out thieving much, though, that's not my line. Did Boy George? Weeell, I don't know, I wasn't there most of the time. It was five, six years ago, you know, my memory's not so good for that whole period. A complete blur really! I remember a *few* things, the really *crazy* things like the gigs with Theatre Of Hate (*dodgy "group" Kirk used to be in*) an' that and. . . well, most of it's not worth repeating heheh.

Were you miffed when Boy George mentioned you once had an "affair" together? Hang on – say that again? I certainly didn't read *that*, this is the first I've heard. I'll certainly look into that. Am I upset? No, I'm not upset about it. You know, it's just ancient history – no one wants to know about ancient history. Apart from newspapers. Well, they've got their hands full digging up the dirt haven't they? They call it journalism and. . . well, it's an insult to humanity actually – they should be taken out and *shot*. If people serve up garbage you tend to think that they must be garbage too, don't you? And what do you do with garbage? You flush it away. Clean *away*. Mmmn. This has been a *very* interesting conversation.



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ISN'T IT FUNNY BEING A FAMOUS PERSON CALLED JUDY BOUCHER?

"Funny??? Is it *funny* me being famous?" No, it's not funny at all – it's quite a serious thing," says a slightly miffed Judy Boucher (pronounced *Bow*-cher, fact fans).

So... erm, who exactly is this mysterious new pop sensation who moodles around on *Top Of The Pops* like everyone's favourite auntie singing her smoochsome ballad "Can't Be With You Tonight"?

"Who is she? I see... Well, she's a girl who came to England from St. Vincent in the West Indies. I live in a place called Hazelmere near High Wycombe and... well, what *else* do you want to know?"

Well... erm. You've got a full-time job making specs or something haven't you?

"Yes... listen, *lots* of people have jobs and they also sing as well and if it so happens that they get a hit and make it, well, that's fine – and that's what happened to me."

So you've made a pop record before, then?

"Yes! I've had three singles before my LP and from the LP we took the title song and that's what made the hit. My first single was called 'Dreaming Of A Little Island' which was quite good and I had another one called 'Lovely Paradise' which was quite popular in the clubs. I've been around for a while y'know – in the early '70's I had a group with my brother called Judy, Jack And The Beanstalk. That's a bit weird? Not *really*!"

Er.. so you must be a bit chuffed with being *almost* as popular as Madonna at the moment!

"Ha ha! Well, I'm not at *all* surprised by the success of the song – *I* know it's good. You *have* heard the song, haven't you?" (??)

You're remarkably normal and "civilised" aren't you?

"Yeah I am! Quite normal, very *very* normal. I *am* civilised as well. A lot of normal people sing – there's nothing abnormal about it. I mean, I don't think Madonna is abnormal – she's *good*. How old am I? In my thirties. That's not too old, is it? It's not only young people that can sing and make records. *Is* it?"

Ahum... you're married aren't you?

"No. I live in a semi-detached house with my son and my goldfish. My son is quite young. He's *very* proud of me. He gives me kisses when I come on *Top Of The Pops*."

And what about the people at your work – do they have a birrova laugh when you come on?

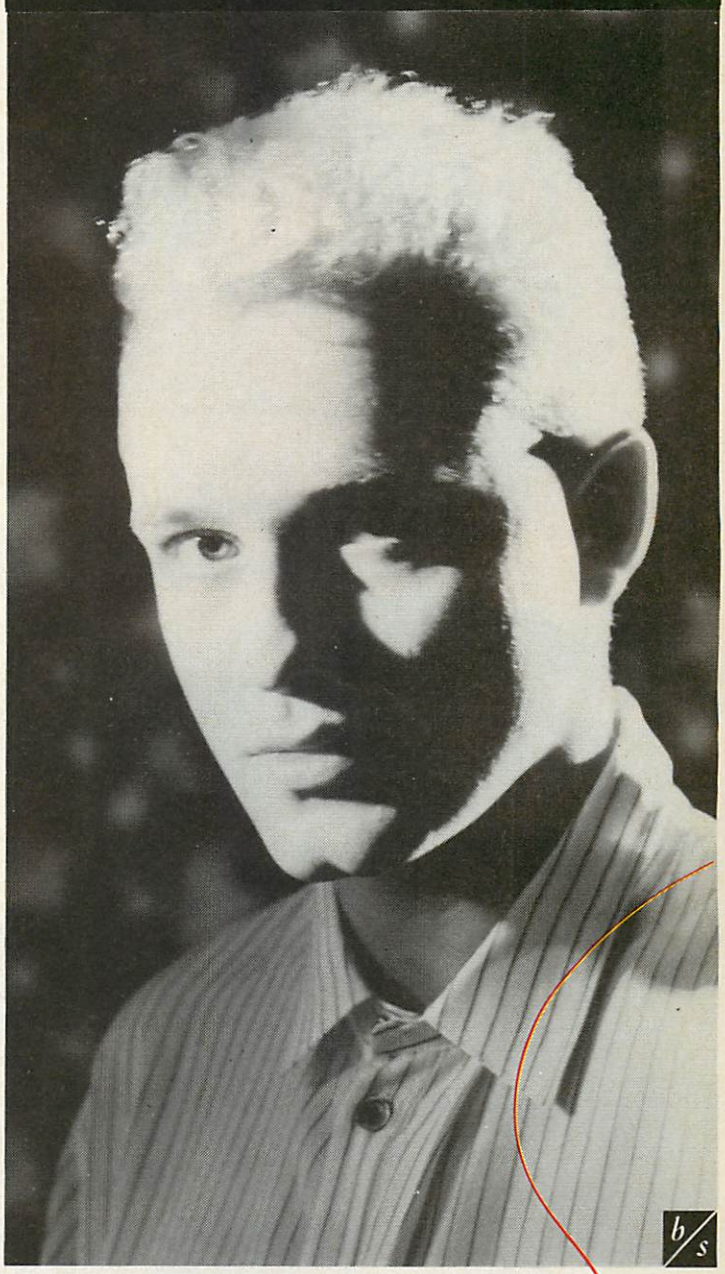
"*Laugh*? No! They don't laugh because it's not a *funny* song – there's nothing *comical* about it. Have I got loads of money now? *No*, and any money I ever do have won't change the way I am – that's for certain. I'll still be the same girl that everyone's heard of. (?) And there's a chance for everyone to do what I've done, y'know. What I always say is 'what's due to you – you will get!'"

Ah – so you were *destined* to be a superstar?

"Hah hah... a *star*? Well, that's what they *call* me!"

Sylvia Patterson

belouis some



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● Photo: David O'Dowd

One minute he was winning skipping prizes, rubbing blue "felt tips" in his hair and pinching Martin Degville's savings; the next he was the world's most famous pop star, insisting he preferred "a cup of tea" to sex and bitching about *everybody*. Then – whoosh! – he careered unstoppably down pop's beckoning dumper. And *now* he's back! *Smash Hits* presents:

The Boy George Story

When George O'Dowd was 15, his headmaster at Eltham Green High School in South-East London finally gave up. It wasn't just that George didn't seem to fit in and showed absolutely no interest in school life at all, it wasn't just that his school nickname was "poof" or "queer", and it wasn't just his appearance – he'd neatly offset his official bottle-green school blazer with bright orange hair. No, the final straw came when the young George refused a caning even after the school's Special Needs Deparment decided he was just "impossible to contain". "I used to say to the psychologist there 'you're so ugly, I hate your guts'," George confessed in later years. Headmaster Peter Dawson announced that he "no longer felt prepared to accept responsibility for what George might do to himself or others if he remains on these premises" and a letter plopped through the letter-box of 20 Joan Crescent, Eltham, declaring that George O'Dowd had been suspended from school. Legend has it that George's parents – Jeremiah, a former soldier who was by now a builder, and Dinah, who occasionally served lunch at the very school George had just been kicked out of – took the news philosophically. Jeremiah marked the letter "Stage One, George is expelled, career continues?" and quietly filed it away.

George Alan O'Dowd was born on June 14th, 1961 in Bexleyheath Hospital, South London – not, as he was frequently to claim in later years, in Finglas, Republic Of Ireland, though that *was* where his parents had moved from a few years before. He once said "I'd rather be Irish than English . . . I relate to the whole rebel imagery thing": maybe *that*'s why he fibbed. He was the third of six children (the oldest, Richard, is a builder, the next, Kevin, now manages a singer, the next, Gerald, is an athlete, the next, David, is a well-known pop photographer, and the youngest, Siobhan, now does George's housework) and in his early years he had to share a bedroom with his four brothers. George now claims to remember little from his childhood apart from "wanting to be famous". His scoutmaster remembers the betoggled George as being "perfectly normal. He won his bronze badge for doing good turns and visiting old people in hospital." Indeed, at cub camp in 1970 George won the under 9½ skipping final. At home he wasn't *that* much of a rebel either – "I remember my mother used to tell me 'Even Marc Bolan would wear a parka if it was cold'", but he did start to show signs of restlessness.

"My mother and father didn't show much emotion at all towards me," he recalled. "All the time that's what I wanted. I wanted to kiss my father. I wanted affection."

Indeed, gradually things got worse between the two of them until, after one furious row when he was 14, George locked himself in the bathroom and Jeremiah broke the door down. George, who cut himself in the process, fled and lived with a neighbour for two weeks. "When I went back it was completely fine. My dad changed completely from that day on."

Throughout these early years George O'Dowd slowly developed a fascination with

A Chris Heath "Special"!

▲ One of the "under 9½" skipping hero's first flings with "fashion".

▲ George with his parents, Jeremiah and Dinah.

two things – the centre of London and dressing up. He used to explore the first whenever he could on 50p *Red Rover* bus tickets – he once told how he despised his mother simply because she "couldn't tell one end of Bond Street from the other" – and he'd take the chance to dress up whenever he could. At first it was just rather *odd* clothes – he got a load of stuff off his Aunt Josie, his mum bought him a pair of platform shoes and he once turned up to Sunday school in a camel-hair coat, a big floppy hat, flared trousers and a cravat (groo!). Then he started messing around with his hair.

The first experiment apparently involved using the inside of a felt tip pen to colour it blue, and after that he just didn't stop. There quickly followed a succession of different looks, most notably the orange-haired style presumably inspired by his hero at the time, David Bowie.

It was also around this time that George began experimenting with sex and although he has always talked about it incessantly, it has never been entirely clear what sort of early sex life he actually had. He has always insisted that he is bisexual (i.e. sleeps with girls *and* boys) and has talked a lot about various girls he's been out with, from his "first experience with this girl called Brenda who grabbed hold of me at my brother's party and kissed me. It was like, wow, I've kissed a girl, I've done it, now I can do it all the time", to a girl called Tracey Birch whom he insisted was his first lover until she was tracked down by the "news"papers and she claimed she'd never even kissed him, to the model Alison Temple who, he whisperingly boasted to a journalist last year, "I've made love to".

Whether any of this is true or not, George has also said he has "a preference" (i.e. he does prefer boys). "I was 15 when I slept with a guy for the first time. It was something I needed to do, like other people need to climb mountains. It was horrible and I didn't do it again for three years . . ."

Before he ever became famous as pop star Boy George, the teenage George O'Dowd went through a whole *series* of dead-end jobs. There was a week packing fruit at *Tescos* (he was sacked because of his appearance), a stint as an £18-a-week printer, and a job working in a clothes store called *Shades* in the Chelsea Antiques market. There was also some modelling – even as a relatively normal looking schoolboy he'd appeared in the October 29th 1976 edition of *Hairdresser's Journal* – and later came a series of advertisements for *Pils Lager*, the *Trustee Savings Bank, Foster Grant* sunglasses and *British Airways* (with Migi from Curiosity Killed The Cat). Then there was the occasional small part in a video, the most famous one being where George had to push the "star", old hippie Rick Wakeman, down an escalator. George also missed out on minor stardom a couple of times – he was wheeled before David Bowie who was scouring London clubland for "weirdos" for his "Ashes To Ashes" video but was rejected, while George, with his new friend Marilyn, was ordered off the set of Adam Ant's "Prince Charming" video (also, incidentally, including Curiosity's Migi) for misbehaving.

After a while though, George got cheesed off with London and went to live in Birmingham with another clubland friend, Martin Degville (now, of course, "singer" with Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik). Degville, who in those days had a white quiff and occasionally a pencil moustache (and who George called "Colonel Saunders", apparently because of his uncanny resemblance to most types of poultry) paid George the grand sum of £3 a day to work on his market stall, keeping the not inconsiderable profits for himself. In the end George got cheesed off with this as well, ransacked Degville's money store under his floorboards and returned to London. They had fallen out anyway, according to George, "because I was prettier than him – let's face it, he couldn't pull a cart if he tried".

Not long after arriving back in London, George had his first brief fling at pop stardom when ex-Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren signed him up as singer for his group Bow Wow Wow under the name of Lieutenant Lush. It didn't work out but two things were slowly beginning to dawn on a frustrated George O'Dowd.

The Boy George Story

Firstly, that there was more to life than just being "an overweight drag queen" as he later described himself. "If you don't *do* something," he explained, "you can be a peacock but not a *proud* peacock." Secondly, if he *was* going to "do something" he'd have to sort it out himself. "I could have ended up in suburbia," he later reminisced. "No one came down the chimney and said 'you may go to the ball.' I went myself and *I* made the clothes to go in."

▲ "Modelling" hairstyles in *The Hairdressers' Journal*, October 1976.

George's first attempt at being in a pop group was with his squat mate and lover of the time Kirk Brandon (now with Spear of Destiny). They were called In Praise Of Lemmings and they weren't really much cop ("a real shambles – very political, very heavy, very sexual"). Things only really took off when George met a drummer called Jon Moss. At first, though, he wasn't too impressed. "Jon walked in wearing a t-shirt and jeans. I couldn't *believe* it! Cowboy boots! I'd never met *anyone* like that," he remembers.

▲ George at school: "impossible to contain".

But though George thought Jon was "naff", he also thought he was "pretty". Jon, after a series of failed stints in "punk" bands, was as keen as George on being a huge success and the two of them soon became lovers and formed a group along with bass player Mikey Craig and guitarist Roy Hay. For a while they were called Sex Gang Children (a name later taken by another group) but soon they became Culture Club.

Their first two singles – "White Boy" and "I'm Afraid Of Me" – were complete flops, but the third, released in 1981, called "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me", shot into the charts. It eventually reached Number One and George O'Dowd, now known as Boy George, suddenly found himself one of the most talked about people in Britain. Not surprisingly, George wasn't too unhappy at all the fuss. "You go a bit mad," he recalled. "I ran around throwing money in the air and I jumped up and down on the bed and cried and screamed. I thought it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to me."

Meanwhile the newspapers went quite wibbly with excitement. "Is It A Boy Or Is It A Girl?" they all screamed. Back in 1981 most pop stars looked rather normal and people were at first hardly enamoured with this strange looking bloke in dreadlocks, make-up and a smock. For a while the papers just battled it out to see who could describe him in the most bitchy terms – was he, for instance, "a demented rabbit going hoppity skip to Grandmas's cottage", "a cross between a geisha mother goose and a Rastafarian pastry chef" or simply, and most

▲ Larking around in a photobooth with a girl called Lorraine.

famously, "a genderbender"? Then, however, the national "news"papers suddenly realised that Boy George was helping to sell their papers to young people. George himself was only too happy to play along and one front-page quote followed another: "I'm a poof with muscles" . . . "My favourite sexual position? Cuddling with my clothes on" . . . "The world dictates that heterosexuals make love while gays have sex". . . "Sex is just like eating a bag of crisps – quite nice but nothing marvellous" . . . "My initials spell God" . . . "I'm not a poofter, I'm not a teapot, I'm saving the world" . . . "Sex? I'd rather have a cup of tea." . . . and so on and on and on . . .

From then on Boy George and Culture Club were unstoppable. Their records, above and beyond all this fuss, were *alarmingly* good. They were hits everywhere, with their first two LP's "Kissing To Be Clever" and "Colour By Numbers" selling a staggering 14 million copies between them. The whole world went completely Culture Club bonkers. A 33 year old woman in America sold her house and car to come to England and find George. Another woman revealed that her marriage was ruined because "my husband won't sleep with me because I look like Boy George". *Star Deli,* a restaurant in America, started selling a $7.45 triple – decker sandwich called a "Boy George". An actress in *Fame* (at the time one of the biggest TV programmes in the world with its soppy stories about an American performing arts school) dressed up as George in one episode (spookily enough – it was not just any old actress but Janet Jackson). A housewife, Bridget Halcrow, made the mistake of naming her Middlesex house after Culture Club's massive hit "Karma Chameleon" and then got very narked when fans kept coming round. *Concorde* passengers were outraged at this weird unsightly bloke spoiling their posh ride across the Atlantic and one airport official was quoted as saying "never mind *Concorde* – he looks like he needs a trip to the sheep dip". A "storm" was whipped up when he went to the ladies' toilet during a party at the London *Hilton* Hotel. A waxwork was made of George in *Madame Tussauds* – a few months later someone swiped its head! George was voted fourth worst dressed woman in the world. One "news"paper even did a fashion feature on middle-aged and elderly Culture Club fans, talking to an 84 year old fan. In 1983, in Belgium, George's death was even announced – wrongly as it turned out. And – most prepostrously of all – in 1984 he was deemed hero in the arrest by the American police of 12 criminals when they were lured out of hiding by a spoof invitation saying they'd won a competition to a Culture Club concert.

(Left to right) someone called Miss Binny, George (??) and Marilyn (????????).

George turned out to be just as quotable when he turned *his* tongue on other people. George Michael? "How many more records can George Michael make that sound as if he put as much effort into writing them as going to the toilet"? The Pope? "I think he's great – he's like Gary Glitter." Mozart? "People say it's not fair that Mozart died a pauper – but Mozart didn't have my personality, did he?" Bananarama? "They're so

▲ George: "my cheap Anthony Price look with padded shoulders".

talentless . . . I only have sex with girls who wash their hair". Pete Burns? "He's got the battered housewife look." Michael Jackson? "It takes him half an hour to say one word. It's almost like you want to put something in his tea to keep him going." Boring people on TV? "They should do themselves a favour and stay at home and milk the cow." Prince? "He looks like a dwarf chucked in a bucket of pubic hair." Duran Duran? "They remind me of a glass of milk."

▲ George blows his cover as a nun by nibbling *Golden Wonder* crisps.

As 1984 drew to an end, however, things began to turn sour for Boy George and Culture Club. The "news"papers, so important in helping make him into a megastar, now turned on him with a vengeance. First came the Princess Margaret story. That wasn't much – just the claim that Princess Margaret had refused to have her photo taken with George saying "he looks like an over made-up tart". George apparently retaliated by pointing out that "I bring more money into the country than she does". Much more damaging though was the Duran Duran Fan Scandal. A "news"paper claimed that some Duran fans had called George a "fat poofter" and he'd retaliated with the riposte "I've got a better chance of sleeping with Simon le Bon than any of you" and then hit one girl violently, knocking her on

to the pavement. The first bit may have been true – the second definitely wasn't despite the faked photo of a girl lying on a "blood-splattered" pavement. To make matters worse, Culture Club suddenly had a flop single with "The Medal Song" and their shows in America were drawing less than capacity crowds.

The slight loss of popularity seemed to affect George very badly as he had always been almost obsessively devoted to his fans. For instance, one shocked and happy fan wrote to a magazine when, after placing a penpal's request saying she was a Culture Club fan, she got a letter not just from fellow fans, but from George himself thanking her. Another fan revealed that George had sent her a personal poem for Christmas 1983 – the strangely touching "*who is the fairy who is the man/ who cares – it's Christmas/love while you can*". And when a debate erupted in the pages of that very swank paper *The Times Educational Supplement* over Boy George's schooling problems one teacher wrote in to say that she didn't care – he was a good sort anyway because he'd twice sent pupils at her school private taped messages.

Nevertheless, now things went from bad to worse. The next LP – "From Luxury To Heartache" – sold very badly indeed and around this time Boy George became addicted to heroin. He sank into fits of depression, with even his answerphone playing snatches of The Smiths' "Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now". In interviews he seemed *very* down-in-the-dumps. "Basically I'm a bit of a tragedy queen," he told *Smash Hits* in early 1986, adding that "being in a band is like being a flower. When you're at your most beautiful you wither and die . . ."

There was still worse to come. "The most important things in life," George had written in 1984, "are given a backstreet abortionist's treatment in the popular press." He also recognised that "when they dish the dirt they go to town with no holds barred." He was just about to find *that* out for himself. In summer 1986 the full story of his drug addiction was revealed and everything went very horrible indeed – the extremely nasty things actually happening in his life were made even worse by the web of exaggeration and lies spun round it. Thankfully – after a few false starts – he got himself off heroin, got involved in Buddhism, generally sorted himself out and then released his first solo single, "Everything I Own", which – hurrah! – went to Number One in March this year.

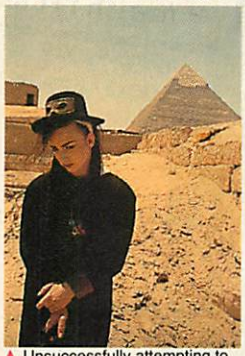
And next? Who knows? Sometimes he says Culture Club is over – sometimes not. Sometimes he says he doesn't mind if he's famous – sometimes he suggests it's all he lives for.

"I just open my mouth and things come out – I don't mean them five minutes later," he claimed recently. "You might think you understand me, and good luck to you. But you're never going to understand me. *Ever*."

▲ Zwing! Culture Club just before becoming famous. (Left to right): Roy Hay, Mikey Craig, Jon Moss and Boy George.

▲ George in a rather "fetching" yellow smock with two friends.

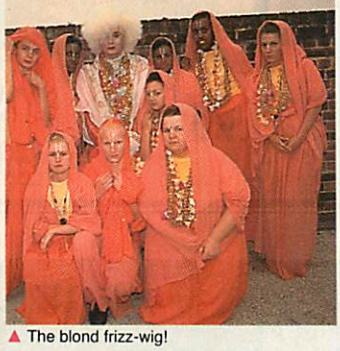
▲ **1983:** looking v. cheerful.

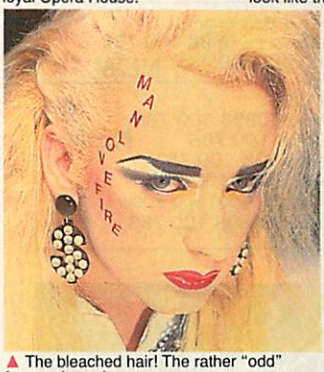

▲ Unsuccessfully attempting to look like an Egyptian Pyramid.

▲ Unsuccessfully attempting to look like the Sydney Royal Opera House.

▲ **1984:** Unsuccessfully attempting to look like the Japanese flag.

▲ Wearing "Clone Wars" smock.


▲ The blond frizz-wig!



▲ The bleached hair! The rather "odd" face make-up!

▲ The perv-blue rinse! The perv Marilyn.

▲ George-and-Marilyn-Go-To-Jamaica.

▲ The Rather-Successfully-Trying-To-Look-Like-A Wedding-Cake Sensation that swept a nation.

▲ The Egyptian-Princess-"Look".

▲ **1985:** The worrastate-black-frightwig "phase".

▲ One last extravagant hair-"do".

▲ . . .it's gone.

▲ **1986:** Making an advert for Japanese white whiskey.

▲ Short-haired and fed up.

▲ Shorter-haired and even *more* fed up. . .

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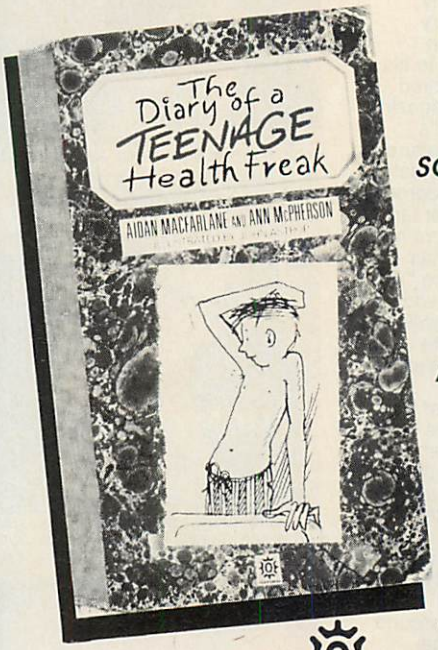

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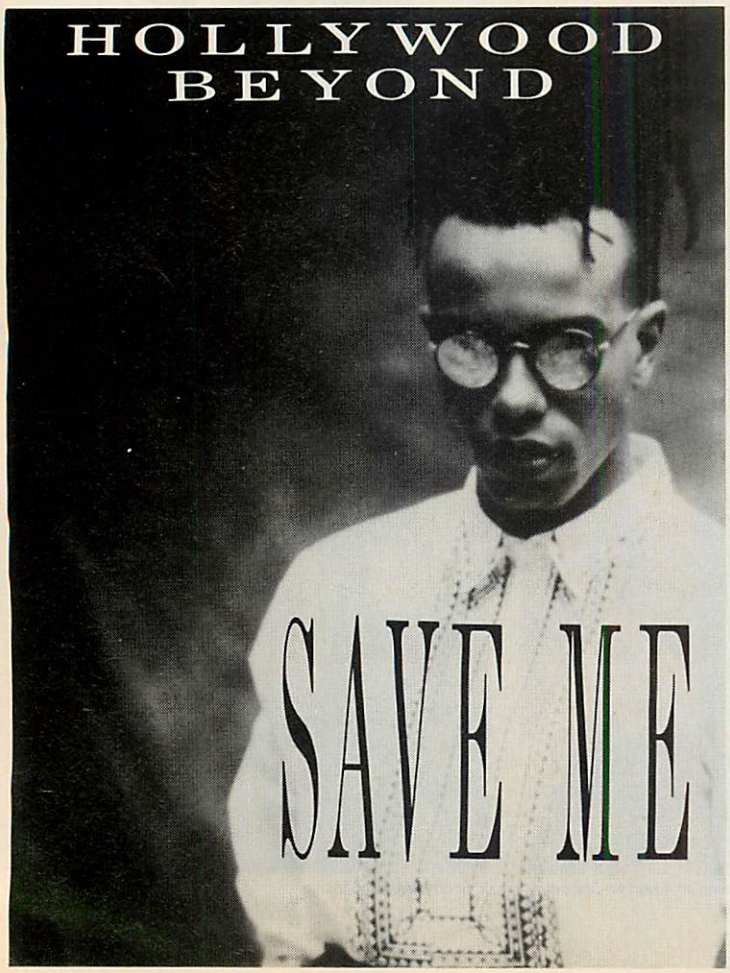

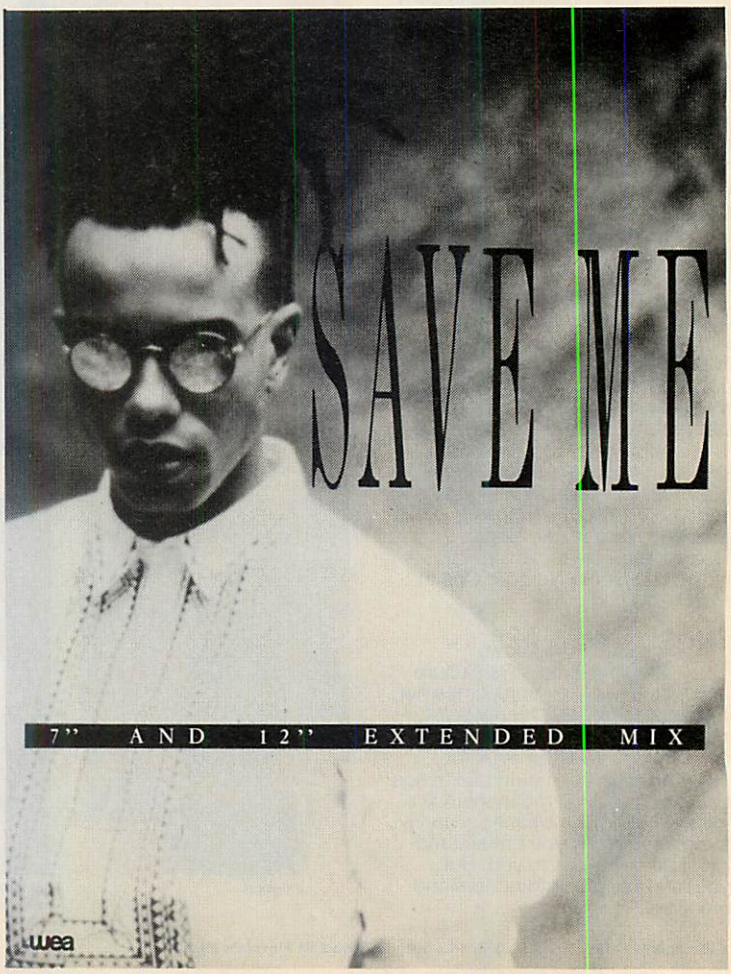

SPEAR OF DESTINY

never take me alive

I'm leaving on the five train
Don't ask me when I'm coming back again
I reckon it's only a matter of time
Before the law kick in the door
Mother I'm running out of change
But I had to phone to let you know

They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me alive

Mother I killed someone
It wasn't that I hated him
You see (you see) he was trying to stop me (stop me)
But he found out I'd go the whole way

They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me

I can't tell you how I feel
Maybe you don't want to know
Maybe maybe but anyway I love you so

They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me
They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me alive
They'll never take me alive

Words and music by Kirk Brandon
Reproduced by permission Virgin Music (Publishers) Ltd
On 10 Records

WATCHDOGS

You try to close your ears
And you try to close your eyes
But the blasphemies keep coming
And tempting you with lies

Chorus
Give thanks for your protection
Your watchdogs of the night
Who hold the hungry wolves at bay
And keep them out of sight out of sight

You focus your direction

UB40

Cloak tightly pulled around
But somewhere in the distance
You can hear a haunting sound

Repeat chorus twice

You're in danger of corruption
And you're always running scared
You cannot make decisions
You're completely unprepared

Repeat chorus

Words and music by UB40 ● Reproduced by permission ATV Music Ltd ● On DEP International Records ●

THE DAMNED ALONE AGAIN OR

Yeah I said it's alright I won't forget
All the times I waited patiently for you
As you do just what you choose to do
And I will be alone again tonight my dear

Yeah I heard a funny thing
Somebody said to me
That you could be in love with almost anyone

You think people are the greatest fun
And I will be alone again tonight for you

Yeah I said it's alright
You know I won't forget
All the times I waited patiently for you
Now you do just what you choose to do
And I will be alone again tonight it's true

Words and music by Bryan Maclean ● Reproduced by permission Southern Music Publishing Co. Ltd ● On MCA Records

Cl

They've just had a huge hit all over the universe with "Lean On Me" but – pop squabbles ahoy! – it hasn't been easy as William "Billiam" Shaw finds out. . .

Odd? It's downright daft! It all began last year when a group called Timex Social Club (led by a chap called Jay King) had a hit with a song called "Rumours" and, as groups will, went on tour to "promote" their single. Then, half way through the tour, they all had an *enormous* rock 'n' roll tiff, and half the group members stormed out, led by the chap who originally wrote "Rumours", Michael Marshall.

After this, things got a bit confusing because both Jay King and Michael Marshall thought that Timex Social Club was *their* group, so there were two groups with exactly the same name winging around the world. What a muddle it all was!

So. It all ended up in a legal battle in which Michael Marshall won the

Swing out Sister

"it's better to travel"

o u t n o w

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ub Nouveau

right to keep the original name, so Jay had to think up a new one and-PRESTO!-Club Nouveau were born!

"All I did was help those guys," says an embittered Jay King, the studio "wizard" who produced the group's records. "I made it work," he boasts, "and all they did is walk away from me."

Even calling the group Club Nouveau is actually a bit of a sly dig at his old pop chums, because, as singer Valerie Watson explains, "it means '*new club*' in French, and if you look at the sleeve for 'Lean On Me' you'll see we put 'formerly a different club, now a better club'." My – *what* a pop squabble!

Anyhow, just who *is* this Jay King fellow? Well, until he formed Timex Social Club he lived in Alaska (v. cold State of America just to the left of Canada) where he worked as a humble concert producer, an ex-dancer and a club promoter. But then he set up his own record label and reckons that he's much better than fellow studio wizards like Larry Blackmon from Cameo or Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis (who produced Janet Jackson, The Human League etc). "Jam and Lewis may be big," burbles King, "but I'm going to kick their ass!!!" Crikey.

And what does Jay think of his old chums in Club Nouveau? "Michael Marshall is going nowhere fast," says Jay a little unkindly. "In the States they can't even *give* his records away."

Children, *please*!

SOME OTHER "FACTS" ABOUT CLUB NOUVEAU

- Jay King has got so bored explaining how Club Nouveau used to be Timex Social Club that he's going to make a film about it called *Just Watch The Movie* so people can find out for themselves!
- Jay King is actually Valerie Watson's brother! (*?*)
- Valerie Watson left a very swank course in Mathematical Science at the very swank American college Stamford to join Club Nouveau and she admits that she's actually a bit of a boffin. "I guess I am," she confesses!
- Jay King has nearly 300 pairs of shoes and his ambition is to have one for every day of the year!
- We think he's probably a bit mad.

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P L U S

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1. What year was "Under Pressure" by Queen and David Bowie No. 1?

☐ 1980 ☐ 1981 ☐ 1982

2. Who had a hit with "Tainted Love" in 1981?

☐ Human League ☐ Duran Duran ☐ Soft Cell

3. What John Lennon song made No. 1 five years after its release?

☐ Give Peace a Chance ☐ Starting Over ☐ Imagine

4. UB40 had a massive hit with "Red Red Wine" – who wrote it?

☐ Neil Diamond ☐ Bob Dylan ☐ Bruce Springsteen

5. Who played drums on "Ballad of John and Yoko" by the Beatles?

☐ Ringo Starr ☐ Paul McCartney ☐ Ian Stewart

6. Which band did the lead singer of The Communards leave?

☐ Simply Red ☐ Eurythmics ☐ Bronski Beat

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Labi Siffre

From chirpaway love songs to an anti-apartheid "message" in just 15 years! . . .

"It took me years to get off that bloody stool," sighs Labi Siffre, the man who's soaring up the flingaway charts with "(Something Inside) So Strong". The stool in question was the one on which he first made his name, crooning love songs to a folksy acoustic guitar on *Top Of The Pops* way back in the '70s. It was all very clean wholesome stuff and, er, *nice* – a word which Labi (a very well-spoken and *nice* man himself) tends to use whenever possible.

Not v. much has been heard of Labi for the past 15 years, however, except when Madness covered his song "It Must Be Love" in 1982 and Labi appeared in the video playing the violin. Four years ago he decided to quit touring the clubs to concentrate on his writing, one product of which is "(Something Inside) So Strong" – a song of defiance in the face of oppression, especially South Africa's apartheid laws.

"There was a news report on television about troubles in the South African townships (*areas in which black people are forced to live*) – and there was a lorryload of white South African soldiers shooting at black people. One of the soldiers was laughing which I thought fairly well summed up the true situation. That was the particular – in general it was trying to find out information about the situation down there rather than just saying 'oh it's awful and I disagree with it' and not knowing anything about it. It was finding out that the South African regime kills more people in a year with its policies than the ANC (*African National Congress – the banned opposition led by Nelson Mandela*) have killed in over 30 years."

Really?

"I'll give you some figures," he continues, a tone of cold anger creeping into his "nice" manner. "In South Africa among the white population 7% of all the people who die are under the age of five. Out of the black people, 55% of all the people who die are under five. That's a *lot* of dead babies. And that's figures from the University of Stellenbosch which is a white university and the 'think tank' for the white South African government. And in 1983-84 more than 1,000 – I think the figure is nearer to 1,800 – black people died in the mines in South Africa. Just think what would happen if that occurred here. Just think what would happen if that occurred here. That's a *lot* of dead people."

So what does Labi – the son of a Nigerian father and a half English/half Barbadian mother – think of Paul Simon breaking the United Nations' cultural boycott to record with South African musicians on his "Gracelands" LP?

"Like sanctions in general, I think you should ask the black people of South Africa. If they're happy with his record then I'm happy with it."

And if someone wants to do something about contributing to the downfall of apartheid, what do you suggest they do?

"Well, first of all, it would be nice if the kind of figures I gave you were generally known. Then it would be very nice if people did what they felt was right. If the *least* you can do is not buy South African goods, that's something."

Ian Cranna

WHAT IS APARTHEID?

- **It means that black people in South Africa aren't allowed to do most of the things that white people can do.**
- **Black people there can't vote in an election, they can't go from one area to another, they can't say what they think . . .**
- **Since 1948 thousands of people have been killed in South Africa during fighting between the white minority government and the native black people.**
- **At the moment there is a "state of emergency" in force in South Africa which means that what you see on the news has already been censored by the white government.**
- **For more information on South Africa you can write to the Anti-Apartheid Movement at 13 Mandela Street, Camden Town, London NW1.**

(SOMETHING INSIDE) SO STRONG

The higher you build your barriers
The taller I become
The farther you take my rights away
The faster I will run
You can deny me
You can decide to turn your face away
No matter

Chorus
Because there's something inside so strong
I know that I can make it
Though you're doing me wrong so wrong
You thought that my pride was gone oh no
There's something inside so strong oh
Something inside so strong

The more you refuse to hear my voice
The louder I will sing
You hide behind walls of Jericho
Your lies will come tumbling
Deny my place in time
You squander wealth that's mine
My light will shine so brightly it will blind you

Repeat chorus

Brothers and sisters
When they insist we're just not good enough
When we know better
Just look them in the eyes and say
We're gonna do it anyway
We're gonna do it anyway
We're gonna do it anyway
We're gonna do it anyway

Repeat chorus

I know that I can make it
Though you're doing me wrong so wrong
You thought that my pride was gone oh no oh no
There's something inside so strong oh
Something inside so strong oh
There's something inside so strong oh
Something inside so strong

Words and music by Labi Siffre
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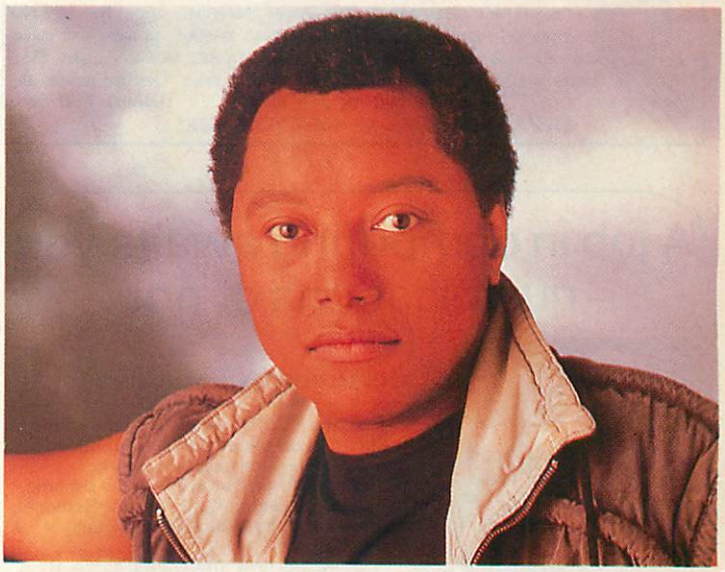
On China Records



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d) Bon Jovi	h) Mel & Kim	n) Tina Turner

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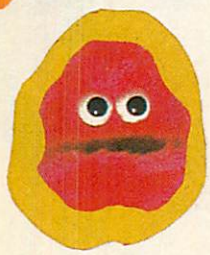

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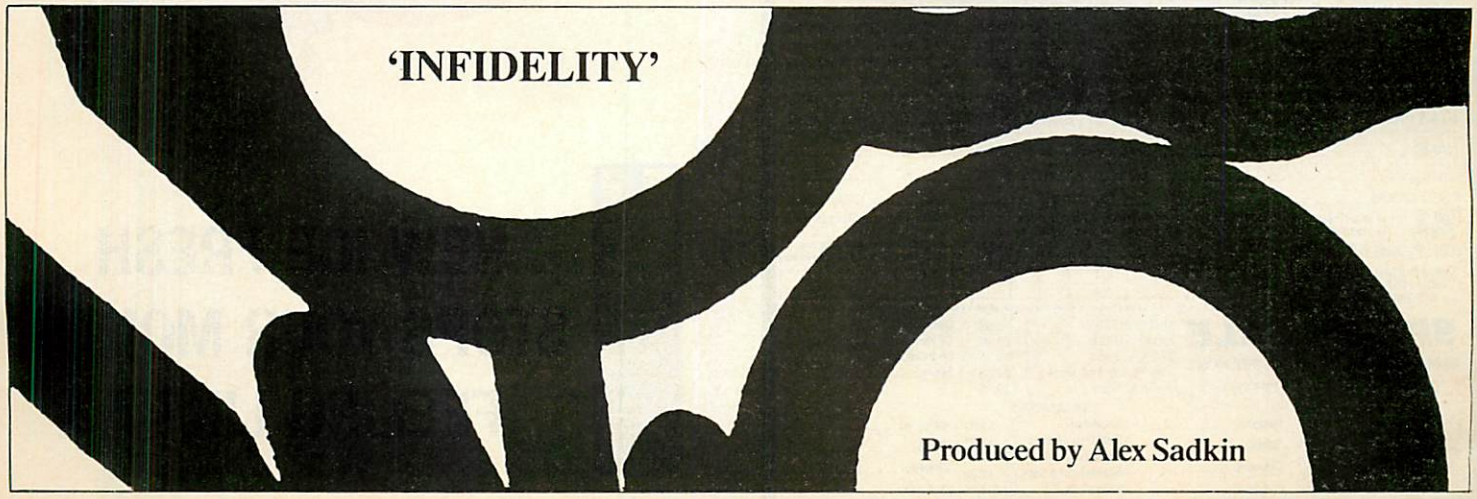

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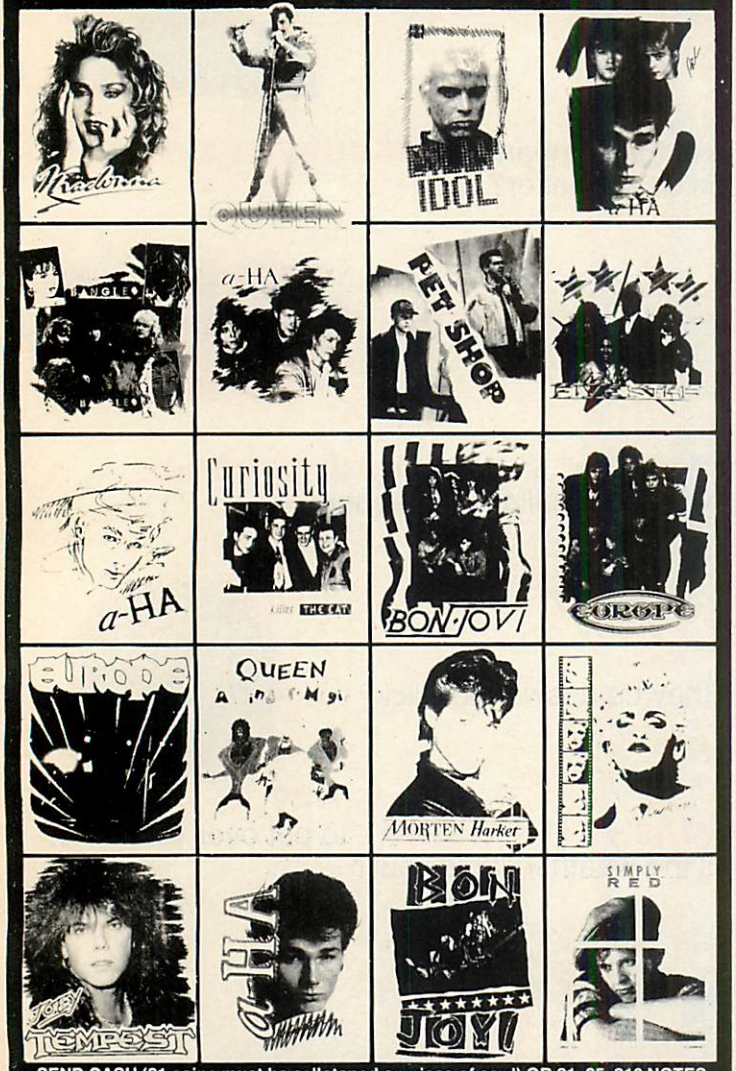

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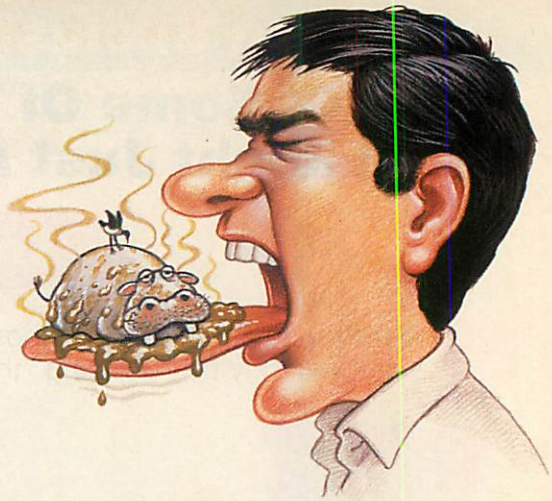
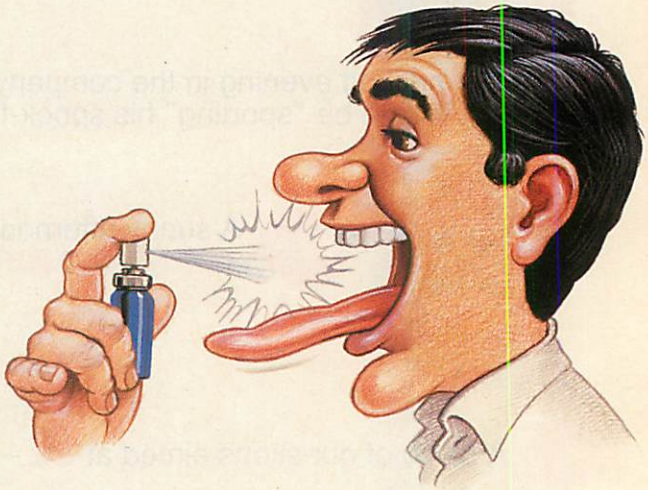
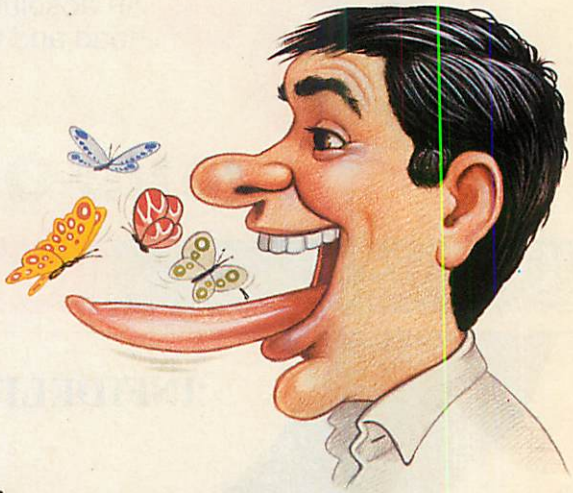






NEW ICE FRESH STOPS YOUR MOUTH FEELING LIKE A...

LETTERS

WRITE TO Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a **Black Type** tea-towel. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

Dear **Black Type,**

I feel it is my sad duty to inform you of the fact that Gar(r)y Lux, the small but perfectly formed songstrel of whom so much has been heard in recent weeks, has been kidnapped by the fiendish foursome that are Geoffrey, Bungle, Zippy and George of the celebrated children's programme *Rainbow*.

This foul deed took place last weekend at an unspecified recording studio deep in the heart of London (London??? The plot thickens) where the honourable Mr. Lux was "laying" "down" the vocals on his forthcoming LP ("Singalongagazza" – a snip at £5.29 at *Woolworths* and all "good record shops"). Having cruelly destroyed the master tapes on which were contained the songs that were to comprise poor Gazza's waxing, the aforementioned scoundrels grabbed poor Gar(r)y by the scruff of his neck and dragged him unceremoniously outside, whereupon they proceed to bundle him into their waiting snoot car, driven by none other than Rod, Jane and Freddy thinly disguised as Uncle Disgusting.

Heartless beings that they are, they claim that they will only release the croonsome one on receipt of a £10 record token and tea-towel. Thus, I humbly beg you to relinquish the aforementioned goodies and send them to me to pass on to them, lest. . .well, the consequences are too horrible to contemplate.

Yours desperately,
One of the few people to actually invest in a copy of the "Notorious" LP.

As you say, sole "Notorious" purchaser, the consequences are indeed too horrible to contemplate. Alas, however, Black Type can do nothing other than follow the strict government guidelines on such a matter and, em, do nothing. Is this the end of Il Papa? A nation holds its breath.

Dear **Black Type,**

Cast your mind back to March 6 when U2 were a-shimmering live on *The Tube*, and when Larry Mullen sat on a stool, drinking *Heineken* and doing v. little else. Well, cast your eyes to the back of the "With Or Without You" sleeve, and you can see the self same *Heineken* bottle, lazing to the left of Bono under the Death Valley sun. So L.M. brought the same bottle of *Heineken* way around the cosmosphere from Dublin to the good ol' U.S. of A. – WHAT A CHEAPSKATE!!!

Please find enclosed one "p" towards the "Buy L. Mullen another bottle of *Heineken* appeal" – don't spend it all in one shop.
Cheerie-bye-Tony "Tonight, we'll run in an ice-cold fiery, rivery sky" McGuinness, Dublin.

Ode to Larry Mullen (Junior)
Oh Larry, Larry,
Tonight when the heavens collide,
And the great ocean drips down the plughole
And one is all and one-nil up
Then you will find true riches
Not here on earth but out there
Oh yes, on rock's great highway
(????)

Dear **Sir Type of Blackford,**

I am writing to inform you of your grammatical error regarding your French vocabulary.

I would like to point out that "actuellement" is not technically correct as one of your versions of "actually". The *Collins "Pocket"* (need a big pocket: "So do I, mate" – Boris Becker) *French-English/ English-French Dictionary* reliably informs me that "actuellement" actually means "at present". I hope that you will refund my knowledgeable mind with a token 'n' towel.

Pah! Avanti!
From Ben Vol-Au-Vent-Thingie's decomposed toe-nail clippings, Norfolk.

How *dare* you? Having checked the local library's shelves for the *Collins Pinsize French-Spanish-Avanti-German -Irish Dictionary*, I refer you to page 107 wherein "actuellement" is clearly defined as "one who knocks on doors selling brushes for a living". The case is duly rested!

Dear **Black Type,**

I am disgusted. In your issue dated 25 March you promised your readers a picture of refridgerator. Did we get it? NO WE DID NOT. I read my glossy copy of *Smash Hits* cover to cover but no fridge.

I am a respected member of the "N.F.A.F" (The "National Fridge Appreciation Foundation") and, I can bet, millions of fridge worshippers across the world bought the magazine JUST for the fridge!

As I was looking through my "mag" I noticed a picture of "swoonsome" Nick Kamen. His *face* is the nearest thing to the refridgerator.

So, yon Editor of *Smash Hits*, redeem yourself. WE WANT A "FRIDGE" NEXT ISSUE!

Yours No "Fridgeingly",
William Perry – get it (fridge).

A Publisher writes: Take a letter Miss Pringle. To the "Editor", Smash Hits: *Please note the recent correspondence from our dear dear readers regarding the lack of fridges in the magazine. I would suggest that, especially in the current heatwave, more fridges should be featured, thus boosting the six-monthly profits to an all-time record level. May I also say, Miss Pringle, that in this "hot" spell it might well be "appropriate" for you to "loosen" your clothing somewhat. . .* **(Off with you, perv-merchant! – B.T.)**

Dear Monsieur **Type-Noir,**

I have been buying your fantastilicious magazine regularly for half a year now. (May I say that it is totally and utterly perfect – creep, creep!?!)

Anyhow, I thought I would bring to your attention the fact that the covers of the last six issues of Sir Smashford of Hitsford (starting from J. Bongiovi) to give him his correct title), and working backwards, have sported behatted creatures; whereas all the others I have are hatless. Worth a pause for thought, ne c'est pas? I take my hat off to you. "So do I mate" – Boris Becker.

I rest my case.
Me

Spotters badge ahoy! For this magnificent piece of observation please accept a token 'n' towel and remember – keep 'em peeled!!(?)

Dear **Black Type,**

In your Genesis feature (25 March) it said that three fans were holding a banner saying "Phil we love you" and yet in the photo above, it said "We love you Phil". Cor-rikey!
Gorden The Gofer.

Dearest Blacker Than **Black Type,**

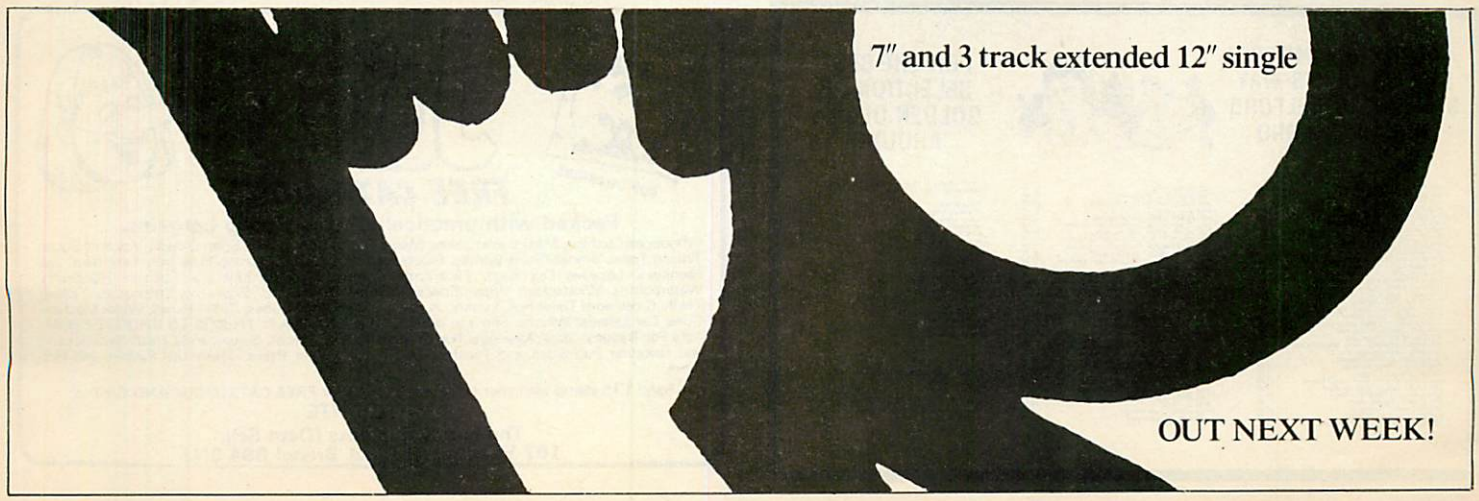
Concerning our famous, well known Chinese astrologer. Can he possibly forsee the return of our scraggy saviour, yes, the one and only, "Bagpuss"???

This saggy old cloth cat, baggy and a bit loose at the seams, has disappeared from our telly screens for too long so maybe the aforementioned Chinaman could look into the secrets held within the future and reveal his findings?

And what does the infamous astrologer see lurking in the mists of time for all of us Gemini people??

Yours childishly,
A carved wooden book-end in the shape of a woodpecker, whose name is acktuwoillly Timmy. . .

A Famous So-Called-Chinese-So-Called Astrologer writes:
Your Stars:
Bagpuss (Apollo 9 – July 14): You are likely to fall through the roof when doing that little spot of spring cleaning. Better by far to stay in bed all day and read a good book.
Gemini (ITV 7 – Arsenal 0): Beware of anyone called Trevor, for he will certainly be a crashing bore. Sir Alastair Burnett will call in for tea on Thursday night but you will be out at the shop – look out for (sniiiiip!!)



RSVP

Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS plus a few words about yourself to: RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

Hi! We're two 15 year old boys who are into Level 42, Simple Minds, U2, and Pet Shop Boys. Write to Matt and Peter at: 24 Randall Road, Chandler's Ford, Hants SO5 1AL.

Hello. I'm a 12 year old girl who's into Duran Duran and Madonna. If there's anyone out there who would like to write to me, I'm Debbie Wejknis, at 5 Lakeway, Sommersham, Huntingdon, Cambs, PE17 35N.

Hi! My name's Chris. I'm a 14 year old boy who's into most chart music, especially Dire Straits, Europe and Madonna. I would like to hear from anyone with similar tastes. Write to: Chris Gibson, Harley Shute Road, St. Leonards On Sea, East Sussex TN38 8BY.

Hi! My name is Kate. I'm 13 and into all sorts of music, but especially Peter Gabriel. I'd like anyone to write to me at: 62 Jacey Road, Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands B90 3LN.

My name is Clare, I'm 13 years old and would like a female penpal aged 13-15. I have loads of writing paper, so write to me at: 11 Walker Gardens, Wrentham Beccles, Suffolk NR37 7HQ.

Hiya! I'm a 13 year old boy who's into the Blow Monkeys, discos and posing. Anyone of around my age can write to me: Gary, 57 Cock Lane, Fetcham, Surrey KT22 9UH.

Hi! I'm a 17 year old boy and I'm looking for penpals between 16-19. I love Madonna, Prince, Billy Idol and Five Star. I also like dancing, badminton and volleyball. Interested? Then write to: C. A., 3 Block B, Peabody Avenue, Sutherland Street, London SW1V 4AR.

If you're male, about 16, and love U2 and David Bowie write to me: Sara, 12 Holly Hedge Road, Frimley, Camberley, Surrey.

Hello. My name's Sally, I'm 11 years old and I love Europe, Five Star, Madonna and *EastEnders*. I would like penpals of about my own age, from here or abroad, so write to: Sally Boulton, Park Farm, Matthew's Lane, Hadlow, Tonbridge, Kent TN11 0JG.

Calling all Smiths fans! My names is Steph, I'm 16, and I'm also into Prince, U2, Simple Minds, Madonna, Soft Cell and lots more! Anyone aged 16-20 write to Steph Govier, 17 Stoodham, South Peterton, Somerset.

Hi! I'm looking for penpals aged 9-13 who like the Housemartins, Berlin, Bon Jovi and Europe. Write to: Miles Elliot, 10 Moss Drive, Killamarch, Sheffield S31 8FE.

Interested in writing to a 16 year old Dutch girl? I love George Michael, Spandau Ballet and letter writing. Anyone, any age write to me: Miranda Adan, L. Biester Feldstraat 40, 3523V.C., Utrecht, Holland.

Hi! My name is Liz and I'm 13. I'm looking for penpals, male or female, aged 21+. I like most current chart music, so if you're interested write to: Liz Hargreaves, 20 West Drive, Humberstone, Leicester LE5 1BA.

Hi there, my name is Nigel. I am 14 and I like U2, Clannad and Huey Lewis. Please write to me at: 16 Ardallen Park, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, Northern Ireland BT34 3JN.

Hello. I'm an 18 year old boy and I like Madonna, Dire Straits, Five Star and David Bowie. I also like computers, dancing and sport. Write to: Paul Mitchell, 4 Brentwood Terrace, Armley, Leeds, W. Yorkshire LS12 2DA.

If you're aged 14-18 and like Dire Straits, Eurythmics, Simple Minds etc, please write to me: Gary Newman, 29 Holte Drive, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, W. Midlands B75 6PR.

Hi there! I'm desperately seeking a female penpal into Dire Straits, A-ha and Frankie Goes To Hollywood. I also enjoy dancing, soap operas and ice skating. Write to Brian Wilson, 23 Enendale Road, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

Hello, my name is David. I am 21 and I would like to write to anyone in Australia over 18. I like The Doors, The Smiths, Velvet Underground, Julian Cope, The Bunnymen, most indie groups etc. I also love films, reading and photography. Please write to me at: 16 Bransdale close, Mutrix Road, London NW6 4QH.

My name is Louise, I am looking for a penpal from England or Australia. I am into Spandau Ballet, Curiosity Killed The Cat, Pet Shop Boys, Paul Young, Michael J Fox, *Brookside* and *Moonlighting*. Write to me at: 3 Blake Crescent, Stratten St Margaret, Swindon, Wiltshire SN3 4LR.

Calling all A-ha fans. If you are aged between 15-18 please write to David Scanlon at: The Coliseum, 45 London Road, Derby, Derbyshire.

Hi my name is Karen and I am 15. I would like anyone, anywhere between the age of 13-18 to write to me. I like most chart music but mainly Pet Shop Boys and Nick Kamen. I also enjoy sport. Write to me at: Karen Fowler. 45 Ryle Road, Farnham, Surrey GU9 8RN.

Hi I am a 21 year old Italian guy, who is looking for very special friends. I love music, photography, movies and travelling. Please write to me: Guiseppe Battaglia, V. Porpora 149, 20131 Milan, Italy.

Hi my name is Julie and I am looking for a Norwegian penpal, aged 14+. I am 14 years old and like A-ha, Madonna, Prince, The Cure, U2, and Billy Idol. Please write to me: Julie Prendergast, 39 Mallard Close, Acocks Green, Birmingham B27 6BN.

Hi, I'm a 15 year old girl looking for a male or female penfriend aged between 15 and 19 from anywhere in the universe. I'm into Bon Jovi, Europe, Whitney Houston and Pet Shop Boys so if you have a sense of humour write to me: Anna Rickard, Garden Cottage, Buckleigh Road, Westward Ho, Devon EX39 3PU.

Hi, we are two 14 year old girls who are into Bon Jovi, Europe, Curiosity Killed The Cat, Five Star and Madonna. If you're mad and enjoy a good laugh get writing to us: Lesley and Nicola, 34 Maes Y Glyn, Brynamman, Ammanford, Dyfed SA18 1SY.

I am a 17 year old boy. My favourite groups are Japan and Duran Duran. Write to Stuart at: 215 Crown Lane, Horwich, Bolton, Gtr Manchester BLG 7QR.

Please write to me. I am 17 and I would love penpals from anywhere, any age. I love writing letters, listening to music, watching television (especially *EastEnders*), travelling, animals, children and lots more. Write to Susan Benford at: 53 Woodend Gardens, Northolt, Middlesex UB5 4QL.

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APRIL SKIES

Hey honey what you trying to say
As I stand here don't you walk away
And the world comes tumbling down

Hand in hand in a violent life
Making love on the edge of a knife
And the world comes tumbling down

And it's hard for me to say
And it's hard for me to stay
I'm going down to be by myself
I'm going back for the good of my health
And there's one thing I couldn't do
Is sacrifice myself to you
Sacrifice

Baby baby I just can't see
Just what you mean to me
I take my aim and I fake my words
I'm just your long time curse
And if you walk away
I can't take it
But that's the way that you are
And that's the things that you say
Now you've gone too far
With all the things you say
Get back to where you come from
I can't help it

Under the April skies
Under the April skies
Under the April sun
Under the April skies
Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Under the April sun (ooh)
Under the April sun (ooh)
Under the April sky (ooh)
Under the April sun (ooh)
Under the April skies (ooh)

Words and music by William and Jim Reid
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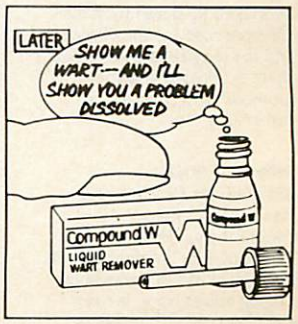

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* Trade Mark

REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY IAN CRANNA

UB40: Watchdogs (DEP International)
Whatever the magic formula is for turning out good records which all sound remarkably similar without ever becoming boring or unduly repetitive, UB40 have definitely found it. This is another slab of big, bold, brassy reggae whose cheerful, chattering style belie some sharply sneering lyrics about the moral guardians of the nation. And, er, that's about it!

GO WEST: Hear It From You (Chrysalis)
After an unexpectedly splendid start with thumping beat and spangling guitar, Go West are back to business as usual with massed synthesiers and "soulful" vocal. The song then fades rapidly – as does the listener's attention – and the result is utterly average and coming soon to a bargain bin near you.

PEPSI AND SHIRLIE: Goodbye Stranger (Polydor)|
Far be it from me to grudge Thingmy And Wotsit their moment in the sun after so many years thankless labouring as Wham! stage props but this bright, brassy and breathless piece of frantic froth is not what you would call a "good" record. It will however – cruel but true – be played to death by Radio One because (a) they're girls and (b) they're the next best thing to Wham! for the moment (this *does* sound rather like them).

SIMPLY RED: Infidelity (Elektra)
The second single to be taken off the "Men & Women" LP, "Infidelity" finds Mick Hucknall in great voice, singing about how "a man can't be trusted" and how infidelity is "my middle name". Surely this can't be Mick singing about himself in real life, can it? Can it? (hem hem)...

THE BLOW MONKEYS: The Day After You (RCA)
In which Dr Robert and chums forsake the usual smoothy bit for something more forceful – chunky piano, chuntering bass *à la* Level 42 and silky strings "borrowed" from '70s disco records. The lyrics are the usual mixture of the interesting (a thinly disguised anticipation of celebration at the hoped-for departure of the present occupant of No. 10 Downing Street) and a load of old nonsense (*"It don't mean a thing if you can't make it sing"* – silly boy). And why not? Rather good actually.

THE RAINMAKERS: Downstream (Mercury)
More weird tales from rural mid-America – this time taking a raft down the Mississippi River with dead author Mark Twain (*Huckleberry Finn* etc), meeting characters like v. ancient rock 'n' roller Chuck Berry and deceased president Harry Truman, and exchanging words of "wisdom" with them. Pleasingly no-nonsense modern rock 'n' roll that gets it just about right and splendid guitar-playing that makes you wonder why people ever bother with a synthesiser.

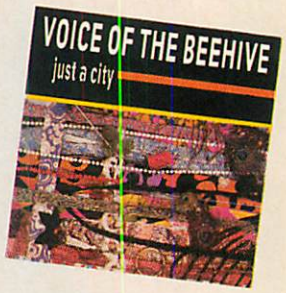
DANNY WILSON: Davy (Virgin)
Danny Wilson is in fact three men, and here they are proclaiming their love for a fourth man. Well, that's Dundee for you. Actually this is really very good indeed, a fine thoughtful pop song in which "Danny" wishes his beloved pal all the best for his adventure down to London and promises not to laugh at him in the street if it all goes horribly wrong (as these things tend to do). Quite poignant in fact, with a nice understated backing.

FLESH FOR LULU: Siamese Twist (Beggars Banquet)
Flesh For Lulu in Piping Hot Record Shock! (Now if only they'd dump that stupid name...) Not exactly *original* but raunch-ahoy! There's an irresistible thumping Gary Glitter dancebeat, matching fuzzed guitars and wailing T. Rex type backing girlies, plus honking sax and the additional refinement of babies squalling on the beat as they romp happily through this wonderful slice of pervdom about twinned girlfriends. Why, if this record were human, it would be hanging around disreputable street corners, wearing far too much make-up and swinging its handbag from the hip. And if it was a woman...

ALISON MOYET: Ordinary Girl (CBS)
Excellent and unusual song about the singer's best friend who suddenly leaves home much to everyone's bewilderment, taking nothing with her and saying only that she's no ordinary girl. The neat pay-off to this is that at some time or other *every* ordinary girl feels like this. Pity the pushy but synthetic music doesn't really match up to the idea or the typically wonderful singing.

ROBERTY CRAY: Right Next Door (Because Of Me) (Mercury)
A wonderfully atmospheric mix of modern blues and old soul as Robert spends a sleepless night listening to the couple next door breaking up because Robert seduced his neighbour's wife and is now feeling duly guilty (though not much). Robert Cray is much too nice a man to be a very convincing macho villain but it's still a lovely record.

FRANKIE KNUCKLES: You Can't Hide From Yourself (Portrait)
Frankie Knuckles is the man who practically invented "House" Music (that strange noise made famous by Steve "Silk" Hurley's "Jack Your Body") and here he takes an old soul song, thumps it up a bit, but uses a rather poor singer to get it all across. Not likely to repeat "Jack Your Body"'s chart success but sure to be a big dance hit.



VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE: Just A City (Food/London)
This crew – two Californian girls and three British blokes – actually manage to capture the true adventurous spirit of the '60s and blend it with the spangling guitars and dense choruses of prime period Cocteau Twins. The song itself sways and swirls attractively enough BUT! flip over the 12 inch and they get stuck *right* into – corky o'rorky! – a biting pop version of rock dinosaurs Led Zeppelin's elderly reggae spoof "D'Yer Mak'er" (Jamaica – geddit?)!! The result, played (relatively) straight, turns into a completely bur-rrrilliant teenage "don't go" love song and would be a HUGE hit, so utterly utterly catchy is it. 'B'-side of the century (at least) and *almost* Single Of The Fortnight...

THE GO-BETWEENS: Cut It Out (Beggars Banquet)
Well! Surprise galore with a most un-folky laboured guitar and drum machine "riff", great backing vocalists and swirling organ followed by a contrasting heavenly girlie chorus. It's a wonderful piece of work but doomed as a single because those dullards at Radio One will never play anything so adventurous. Bah!

THOMPSON TWINS: Long Goodbye (Arista)
Whoever is choosing the "Twins"' singles is making an unholy bish of rescuing their career from the jaws of pop's great dumper. They have an "ace" lively track called "Bushy Baby" which would make an excellent (and different) hit and pave the way for this slow, reflective song about the death of Alannah's mum which may struggle on its own. Nevertheless, it's still their best for ages – a gentle, wistful piano song that recalls "Sister Of Mercy" with an appropriately anguished middle bit. And for once they show their true colours as sympathetic *real* people instead of something out of an advert – fingers crossed for a hit.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

ANNE CLARK: Hope Road (Ten)
It pays to be conscientious, pop tarts. Hidden away amidst all the good, bad and just plain average records which crowd the Singles Box every fortnight, there is always one unexpected gem which stands high above the crowd. And this is it! Over a simple but effective backing track of vaguely melodic electronic "oohs" and "aahs" (sort of Laurie Anderson meets OMD), Anne Clark recites her sorry tale of how she met this nice, interesting guy at a party, was invited to dinner in a faraway town and turned up only to find, despite following instructions, that the address he gave her – Hope Road – just doesn't exist. Wail! A metaphor too, methinks, for politicians and, erm, the world around us. A few neatly cutting observations get slipped in too before Anne ends sadly with a warning to beware of unaccountably nice people because "there's no place called Hope Road". Sniff. A hit? Almost certainly not, but for making a record that dares to be different, that works on its own terms and doesn't try to sound like anybody else or as if it would sell its granny to be a hit – just this once, Anne Clark – come on down! – yours is Single Of The Fortnight.

ALBUMS

VARIOUS: The Prince's Trust 10th Anniversary Birthday Party (A&M) These are the "highlights" from last June's Wembley concert by pop persons raising money for the Prince's Trust Charity, and – of course – there's something here for everyone. Suzanne Vega wisping through "Marlene On The Wall", Phil Collins creakling "In The Air Tonight", and Rod "not-very-sexy" Stewart croakling the dreaded "Sailing". There's also the usual sort of mildly entertaining contribution from Big Country, Dire Straits, Tina Turner, and Elton John – BUT! – there's *also* a *free* single included – "Long Tall Sally" by... Lord Paul McCartney! So that makes it alright then!! Except it doesn't... **(4 out of 10)**

Matthew Bray

OZZY OSBOURNE: Tribute (CBS) This live double LP is a "tribute" – hence the name!! – to Sir Oswald's former lead guitarist, "Randy" Rhoads, who was killed in a freak plane accident in Florida in 1981, and consists of all the very last shows they performed together in America. Beginning with the personable Ozzy asking "Are you ready to *rock 'n' roll*?!!!", it ends with some toe-curlingly embarrassing studio out-takes of "Randy" on acoustic guitar. Fuzzy and snoozesome unless you're a true fan, what saves it is the enchanting Sir Ozwald – the Cliff Richard of Heavy Metal. And for that *alone* he gets... **(4 out of 10)**

Lola Borg

SWING OUT SISTER: It's Better To Travel (Phonogram) This, Ver Swings first LP, includes both the brilliant "Breakout" and the more sultry "Twilight World" as well as a rather good 'n' moodling "extended" version of "Surrender". Overall, it's an attractive mixture of infectious jazz and soul, though the instrumental tune "Theme" goes all twinkingly oriental for some reason and there's even some Van Halenesque tinsy bursts of screechaway guitars on "It's Not Enough". Yet, on the whole, this mad creativity is quite *splendid* stuff! **(8 out of 10)**

Josephine Collins

J.M. SILK: Hold On To Your Dream (RCA) J.M. Silk is actually two people – vocalist Keith Nunnally and Steve "Silk" Hurley, the man responsible for last year's massive "Jack Your Body". But – surprise! – gone are the plinking synths and chattering drum machines and in their plce come, fast, no nonsense, bouncy pop songs, laden with catchy hooks and big orchestral arrangements, plus a couple of ballards and lots of deep soulful singing. It's more like old fashioned disco than Chicago "house" music, although Side Two – which includes "Jack Your Body" – is more like the old electronic simplicity. Maybe not so distinctive or truly memorable but still an enjoyable LP of modern pop-soul. **(8 out of 10)**

Ian Cranna

SPEAR OF DESTINY: The Epic Years (Epic)
SPEAR OF DESTINY: Outland (Ten) Exhibit A. "The Epic Years": a compilation of the singles and most spingling bits from Spear Of Destiny's first three LPs. Yaroo! Flail those knees to the eerily-parped, swirlesque saxophone of "The Wheel" and "Playground Of The Rich", the magnificent soarily-shrieked "Prisoner Of Love" and "Mickey" and the tearaway, demented but tuneful, bellowings of the mighty "Liberator". What a *fine* assortment of rollicking pop things. **(8½ out of 10)**

Exhibit B. "Outland": Spear Of Destiny's new LP. Cringe. Here we have the finest example of a group whose day is "done", as it were. The single "Never Take Me Alive" is, believe it or not, the most "interesting" and "lively" song here. The rest of this LP remains almost entirely tune-free – wimfling on and *on* at a doomfully dull plodalong pace like some monstrously serious 40 minute "epic" song about being dead (or something). Shame on you "Kirk". **(1 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

THAT PETROL EMOTION: Babble (Polydor) That Petrol Emotion come from Ireland and two of them used to be in The Undertones along with Feargal Sharkey. But now: fact one! Ver Petrols must listen to some rather odd "music" by the likes of Captain Beefheart (v.ancient mad American), and Swans (young mad Americans). Fact two! They blend these odd influences into their own unique sound with lots of guitars piled on top of one another and singer Steve Mack warbling over the top. Fact three! Some songs here, especially "Big Decision" and "Creeping To The Cross" are completely brilliant. Fact four! Em, they sound nothing like U2! (???) **(8 out of 10)**

Barry McIlheney

VIDEOS

▲ Dame Elton auditions for Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik!

ELTON JOHN LIVE IN AUSTRALIA FEATURING THE ELTON JOHN BAND
ELTON JOHN LIVE IN AUSTRALIA FEATURING THE MELBOURNE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (Virgin: £9.99)

"Dame" Elton of John, eh? Who can deny the glory of his towering pop toffness? So! Here he is, then, LIVE! at the Sydney Entertainment Centre in front of 11,000 viewers in December last year on the final, 27th night of his not-very-cheap-looking Australian tour. What we have here is almost the entire concert "captured" (hem hem) on two completely separate videos – and this is for a very good reason: in one half he looks like a useless bloke who was famous for about 10 minutes called Martin "Frightmask" Degville and in the other he looks like Liberace. Swirl...

Elton John Pretending To Be Martin "Frightmask" Degville: There he is, seated at his tinkalong piano – frightwig flapping, fingers stabbling, The Elton John Band strumming, parping and thumpering in the distance and out zwing such monumental pop "classics" as... "Rocket Man"!, "Daniel"!, "I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues"!, "Sad Songs Say So Much"!, "I'm Still Standing" and quite a few other tunes until it's time for...

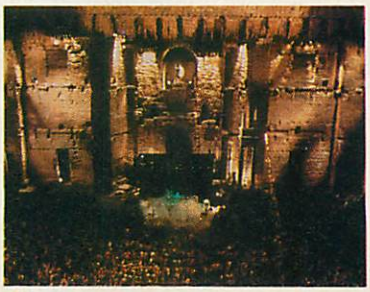
Elton John Pretending To Be Liberace: There he is – *still* seated at his tinkalong piano BUT! he's turned into a super-swank Liberace-"style" bloke (except he's *really* pretending to be Mozart) to "suit" the snootness of the 88-piece Melbourne Symphony Orchestra. Thus! When "Elt" tinks out his swoonaway tunes "Sorry Seems To Be The Hardest Word", "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me", "Candle In The Wind" and "Your Song" (some of the greatest tunes ever written *ackcheloi*) it's all very snootly, very *very* grandiose and rather brilliant. Then everyone goes completely mad because some balloons have floated by. Double yaroo!

COMPETITION

So! As a tribute to His Royal King Of Ridiculous Headwear, *Review* is going to give away – *give away*!! – 10 copies *each* of these magnificent items. (State which one you'd like and whether you want Beetamax or VHS videos.) The question: What did Liberace always place a-top his snootaway piano? Was it: a) a glass of orange juice with pips in; b) a life-size cardboard cut-out of Elton John; c) a Cyprus tree or d; a candelabra? Answers on a frightwig to **Smash Hits/Elton John Video Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by May 19.

▲ Dame Elton auditions for the Melbourne "Symphony" Orchestra!

FILM



▲ The Cure in Orange: "swizzlers"?

THE CURE IN ORANGE (U: 113 mins)

Yus! The very wonderful Cure! In a full-length feature film! Made by the mad bloke who makes all their brilliantly bonkers videos! Sounds quite good does it not? Well, it isn't. The "story" is this: The Cure walk on to the stage of a stadium in France (which is a massive old building called "Orange" – hence the name!!), Simon Gallup whips off Robert Smith's "funny" wig to reveal his recent super-snipped hairdo, they play a very large number of songs, wave a bit by a statue and then amble off again. i.e. it's an elongated live video, the swizzlers... So now you "know".

REVIEW
ALBUM

"THIS IS A

Left to right: Ju, Migi, Ben and Nick

BRILLIANT ALBUM!"

Ju: "We've put our hearts and *lives* into this."

Ben: "I could paint a picture of it."

Nick: "*Star Wars* was a *very* profound film." (?)

Migi: "I'm certainly off my rocker." (?)

Curiosity Killed The Cat "review" their LP "Keep Your Distance" (quite good, actually says Sylvia Patterson)...

Somewhere in "deepest" London, seated on a recording studio swank-settee, Curiosity Killed The Cat are twitching rather nervously. And why not? For they are here to "explain" to the cosmiverse the "theory" (or something) behind their first ever LP "Keep Your Distance". Quadruple pheryoowee.

So, let us begin with the all-"important" puzzler: "Why *did* you call it 'Keep Your Distance'?"

Ben: "I think it's a *good* name for an album." (?)

Migi: "I've got the flu (*parps hootsomely into a* Kleenex). Er... it's because we had some car stickers lying about with 'Keep Your Distance' on and it just seemed appropriate – you know, Curiosity Killed The Cat so Keep Your Distance sort of thing. Er... or so we thought anyway..."

Ju: "It's a strange concept album." (?)

Oh. Right then.

MISFIT

Ju: "This is the beginning of the concept."

Ben: "Heheheheh."

Migi: "It was our first single. It got to number 76!"

Ju: "I think the song's about strengthening your character to deal with other people."

Migi: "It's not just about that though – we're all misfits at times, everyone feels like a misfit at times. We've all been deviants!" (?)

Ben: "Everyone has hang-ups at some time and what the song's saying really is don't worry about it because *everyone's* got them and you shouldn't worry about them because you've only got one life."

Migi: "Slightly odder people are always more interesting I find anyway."

Ben: "What's my worst hang-up? Er..."

Ju: "What's the next song?"

Ben: (*ignoring Ju*) "Newspapers! Heheheheh. All I'm going to say on that subject is that *The Sun* is *mud*. Anyway, hang-ups don't have to be anything *major* like having three legs or wearing glasses..."

Migi: "*Major? I* wear glasses! I'm short-sighted."

Ben: "Well, y'know, *like* that... it can be... gum disease."

Migi: "Hey – I've got that too!"

DOWN TO EARTH

Ju: "That's got a *wicked* sax solo in the middle. He's a guy from Dundee called Molly, as in Malcolm, (?) and he just came into our studio one day looking like a tramp and just *blew* – it was *fantastic*. He just made it up as he went along – which is what we all do."

Ben: "Because we're not too experienced or anything."

Ju: "Use The Force, Luke." (??)

Migi: "The *fourth* or the *force*?"

Ju: "The Force! That's what it's *all* about!"

Nick: "*Star Wars* was a *very* profound film."

Ben: "Have you ever played *Marble Madness*? It's a *great* game – you know when you get those video games with the ball and you have to... move the... move... the sort of ball around?"

Ben: "No? You get it in pubs. Do you go in pubs? You have to find your way down this little lane sort of thing without falling off these massive cliffs."

Ju: "It's done my hand in! I'm a bit worried about it actually with the tour coming up. 'Cos you have to *really* twiddle this ball..."

Migi: "And it's got a *lot* to do with the album."

Ben: "Oh *yeah*! Anyway 'Down To Earth' – it's about somebody who's totally out to lunch. Not totally off their rocker, no, but who's... off on one. (?) In everyday life they're...off on one. I think those lyrics are quite..."

Ju: "... lyrical. They're quite dream-like almost, I reckon. Surreal. Ethereal. Maan! You'll have to look that one up in the dictionary."

Migi: "I think you should have left him where he was (*i.e. the person in the song who's "off on one"*) and not brought him 'Down To Earth'."

Ju: "Well, it depends on what they've gone up to cloud nine for."

Ben: "And whether you know if they want to come back or not. You know if you're up there you... and you want to... you know... you wanted to come back, you want someone to bring you back. I think *I'm* going off on one ha ha! Next!"

Migi: "I think it's nice to be on your own cloud, myself."

Ben: "Yeah!"

Ju: "Yeah!"

Nick: "Yeah!"

Migi: "I'm *certainly* off my rocker."

FREE

Ben: "What it *doesn't* mean is that being free is being a space-cadet, y'know, an air-head. I mean, y'know, a lot of people think being free, like free-thinking, is lying around the pavements and doing all that business, d'you know what I mean? Like a hippie. But being free's not like that."

Ju: "There's a lot of people who aren't free, full-stop."

Ben: "Yeah. They trap themselves more and more."

Migi: "It's more of a political thing without us wanting to be political if you see what I mean."

Ben: "Philosophical. You reckon it sounds like a Sade song?"

Migi: "That's what *I* said!"

Ben: (*not very convincingly*) "I think at the time Sade was just making it, y'know, and we'd already written this song... she didn't rip us *off*, no, heh heh..."

Migi: "No, no not at *all* but it's more kind of got reggae roots than jazz roots really..."

Ben: "Hers was more jazz..."

Migi: "And... um... it's not so kind of... well, I suppose it *is* really..."

Ben: "I think it's similar because it's kind of moody and she never sort of came out of herself. You think I even *sound* like her? *Really*?"

Migi: "Yeah! Sort of... girlie ha haah!"

Ju: "*Girlie* ha haah!"

Ben: "Fthfhthfh."

Ju: "This'll probably definitely be a single. Probably definitely... (?) It's terrible, too, he does the same dance to a song like this as he always does – the same crazy dance all the time."

Ben: "My choreography knows no difference! No, this is the low-lighting number – it's an early evening song for when the sun's going down. I could paint a picture of it." (?)

Migi: "Euurrr...where's me *Kleenex? (parp)*..."

KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW (RENAMED WAG LYRICS)

Ju: "'Renamed Wag Lyrics'? Hmmn. I first called the song 'Wag' – I'd like to claim that actually. Why? Er..."

Migi: "Because it just had that vibe

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

about it. (*The 'Wag' is a preposterously so-called "trendy" London nighterie.*) Actually I don't think you *did* call it 'Wag' first."
Ju: "Yes I *did*!"
Migi: "Mmn."
Ben: "It was because in the lyric it goes on about telling lies and all that and that's where Wag comes from I think. And also it was a very moody groove." (?)
Ju: "The thing was I hadn't been to The Wag when we did this song and I'd heard all about it and we were doing this sort of groove, this track, and it sounded quite moody and that's what I thought The Wag would be like. And was it?"
Migi: "No!"
Ju: "Well, I mean it's quite dark there and jazzy."
Migi: "Sleazy's what it's like – and this is a very sleazy sounding track. I haven't been to The Wag for *ages*, but it's good on occasion and very bad at times too. What do we do there? Ah haah! You'll have to come out with us one evening and find out – that's the *only* way you can find out. (????) He (*Ben*) starts doing his crazy dancing and people make circles round him ha ha!"
Ben: "Shooting the ceiling ha ha!" (?)
Migi: "I used to see George Michael there quite a lot and people used to go 'Hey *George*!' and slap him round the head ha ha ha! Just jokingly though."
: "Is this song about a seedy club in London then? No – it's about George Michael ha ha! No, it's just the *mood*."

Photo: Andy Catlin

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

Ju: "This is the first chorus Ben ever came up with – the first song we ever wrote about four years ago and this is where our name comes from."
Ben: "Is it my favourite proverb? *No*! It's from one day we were playing a computer game and I was trying to get a goal... er, ha ha! and I wanted to go into the cave, right, and I told the computer 'Move To Cave' and it flashed up 'Curiosity Killed The Cat'.
Migi: "Did you go in?"
Ben: "No, I was stuck. *Stumped*!"
Ju: "So you formed a band ha ha!"
Ben: "Er... yeah. So I'm a cautious man, yip!" (?)
Migi: "We're the least cautious men *ever*!"
Ben: "I don't really believe people *should* be cautious because it's a really boring thing but the song's really saying that if you get strong advice take it – you probably need it. Don't mess with Curiosity (*looks at giggling "journalist"*). What are you laughing at? Are you paid to do that? (???)"
Migi: (*parps*) "We're *supposed* to be having a serious interview about the album!"

Photo: Andy Catlin

ORDINARY DAY

Ben: "'Ordinary Day' is just about having a good taaaaam! (*i.e. time*). It's about this girl and she has to go and catch the bus and the guy's saying 'no no no if you go and catch the bus you won't be with me so it's not worth it. Stay here. With me.'"
Ju: "Sounds a bit *rude* to me! 'Keep on baby what you're doing to me.' Yes, *kinky*."
Ben: "It's just saying 'have a good taaam maaaan'. Watch the video! Er... there's not a lot of lyrical content there... well, there *is*. It's a poem – I like it."
Migi: "The lyrics are just spur of the moment really, aren't they Ben? It's to do with the way he's feeling at the time."
Ju: "I've got a tape of Ben singing half-finished songs and just making up the rest ha ha! About absolutely *nothing* – they'd probably sell better than *these* ones."
Ben: "We played in a department store once doing that – at night when it was all sort of derelict and they put the strip lights on so it was like playing in a supermarket – that was *brilliant*. You think we couldn't do that now 'cos we'd have no clothes left on? Er... yeah."

MILE HIGH

Ben: "Don't ask what this is about. 'Cos I'm not going to tell you ha ha! No, er, 'Mile High' is, more than any of the others... a feeling. Cold streets and..."
Migi: "And this is a favourite of all of ours because of the time it was recorded as well."
Ju: "Because we'd finally found a producer we liked (*Stewart Levine*) and got on with and this was really the first thing we did that was really *us*."
Ben: "*Please*! I mean, it was sheer *ecstacy* listening back to that tape for the first time, *honestly*."
Ju: "I'm a bit bored with it now actually."
Ben: "Well, yeah, I mean, but at the *time*!"
Ju: "We wanted this to be a single but it's... well, it might be."
Nick: "It's definitely my favourite song."
Ju: "I think 'Red Lights' is probably mine."
Nick: "This album is our pride and joy. I said that like a mum? I *feel* like a mum."
Ben: "And this LP is our baby!"
Ju: "We're thinking about giving this to George Michael to do a cover of ha ha! Just joking, George – you couldn't do it ha ha! Wooooo! He'd over-sing it wouldn't he? He *does* over-sing his slow songs I think. I mean, he's got a good voice but he tries *so* hard to sound emotional that he just really over-sings. Er... I'm not trying to start anything here, George! The duet with Aretha was *great*! Wasn't *she*, ha ha!"

RED LIGHTS

Photo: Andy Catlin

Ju: "This is *really* nice."
Migi: "Yeah, it is isn't it?"
Ju: "What's it about, Ben?"
Ben: "Er... it's quite innocent... er, yeah it's got a good groove. What does that *mean*? It means... that... um..." (*Quite – Ed.*)
Migi: "What kind of music do *you* listen to? (?)" D'you enjoy writing for *Smash Hits*? (??) Are you one of those... sort of... sarcastic people? (???) Well, it's just that we've become really cynical about interviews – people never seem to write what you've actually said and aren't really that interested in the music really, y'know..." (*looks despondent.*)
Ju: "'Red Lights' is a really good love song, isn't it?"
Ben: "What? Like, better than 'Three Times A Lady' (*brilliantly wibblesque old Commodores swoonsong*) or 'Reunited' (*brilliantly wibblesque old Peaches and Herb swoonsong*)? I do think 'Reunited' is one of the very *best*... faaaaantastic."
Migi: "'Three Times A Lady' is the first record I ever smooched to! What a *brilliant* excuse it was to grab hold of whoever you had your eye on (*mimes grasping his chosen "victim"*.)
Nick: "I've done that!" (*Thus begins a perv-conversation concerning the effect of such "actions" on the male "anatomy"*.)
Ju: (*trying to bring some "order" back to the conversation*) "Er... so the *song*'s just a really good *love* song, you know..."
Ben: "It's about just wanting to *keep* someone, y'know, and nothing's going to stop you from doing that. Was I in a *romantic mood when I wrote it*? Er... yeah, I was."
Ju: "Songs have to be about what you know yourself, don't they? Because... well, I mean that's all you know, isn't it?"

SHALLOW MEMORY

Ju: "This is probably the only song with a suggestion of politics in it. The sort of universal politics of power and... the lyrics are a bit weird? Well, it's an analogy isn't it? (?)
Ben: "It's just saying that the bully in the playground – he sort of represents the person on the power-trip, the ego-thing – it's saying how he'll be beaten in the end. Like, with the *good* things, being good to people and treating others like you'd want to be treated yourself an' that..."
Migi: "Can I just say that I really think it *ruins* songs, analysing them like this. I mean, it really is for people to make up their own minds, you know, like it's the same with video – it leaves you with the one image in your mind and you can't use your own imagination. That's why it was much better with the old songs when you didn't have video 'cos you had all these images in your own mind of what was actually going on, you know. 'Cos, I mean, I really love this album... I think it's a *brilliant* album!"
Ju: "Weeeey!"
Ben: "Do we like the fact that the LP is sophisticated? Er... er, well, being sophisticated's alright as long as it's not *boring*. I think it sounds quite *hard*!"
Ju: "I know it's a clichéd thing to say but we've put our hearts and our *lives* into doing this..."
Migi: "And it's *not* just for the money and the fame and... well, I just... I don't know. People can just take it or leave it I suppose. In fact that's what our second album'll be called 'Take It Or Leave It'."
Ben: "Or 'Keep Your Distance Just A Little *Further* Back. Please'."

Photo: Andy Catlin

Photo: Andy Catlin

▲ Curiosity having a good taaaaam!!

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Mutterings

Privacy, eh? It's a thing of the past, *Mutterings* reckons. There was **Prince**, secretly rehearsing in this very country – Birmingham to be exact – and having a very nice time living in a snoot-mansion in Warwickshire, when along comes a "news"paper and tells the whole world about it. Not only do they call his tiny Avant-Purpleness the "reclusive Howard Hughes of pop", a "zany pint-sized singer" and the "potty prince of showbiz" but they insist on ridiculing him just because he a) played an Easter Sunday hunt-the-Easter-egg game with a £600 prize for finding the most eggs in the garden and a £6,000 prize for finding the gold one in the house, b) had brought with him shoes with heels up to eight inches high, c) each day threw away all his Pierre Cardin posh boxer shorts and socks after wearing them once, d) slept on a mattress on the floor in a bedroom specially decorated turquoise and peach, e) had two trunks full of cosmetics and rubbed himself with oils all day long, f) dressed up as a tramp with a beard, battered overcoat, cap and glasses to go down to the local pub and g) lived on pasta, popcorn, white wine and lemon tea with honey. But that's just *typical* because nowhere, it seems, in the strange world of pop, are secrets safe. *Especially* in *Mutterings* . . . For instance **Annie Lennox**, who swore after her part in the dreadful massive-flop film *Revolution* that she'd never act again, has just appeared in a film version of a play by arty playwright Harold Pinter. And it's supposed to be a *gigantic* secret!. . Likewise the dark, dark secrets of **Vicki** and **Susanna** from **The Bangles**. Did you know that Vicki is afraid of butterflies, would like to be invisible, likes "unbaked chocolate chip cookie dough" and wants **Lionel Richie**'s phone number so that she can "crank call him at four in the morning to ask him when he's going to swallow the food he's been keeping in his cheeks"? Or that Susanna would like to phone up **Tom Cruise**? Or that they both used to call Mickey (i.e. Michael) "the space thing"? Or that if Vicki woke up as a boy the very first thing she'd like to do would be to "pee standing up"? (????) *Mutterings* should think not – until now, that is. . . And did you know that **Pete Burns** wanted to call the last **Dead Or Alive** LP "Morten, Chocolate Mousse and Me . . ."? Or that he thinks **Nick Kamen**'s first single was something that **Madonna** "obviously pulled out of the studio dustbin". Or that his 73 year old Austrian mother Eva says he was an "outstandingly pretty boy" and has revealed how young Pete was so tormented at school – even by the teachers ("they'd say 'how are you today, Daphne?' And 'what powder did you put on today?'") – that she took to keeping him off school: "we'd hide him in the airing cupboard when his father came home for lunch" – and then eventually won a court battle to educate him at home "stringing pieces of macaroni together and painting them to make jewellery for me." Or that he'd also model his mother's high-heeled shoes and hats? Or that his favourite outfit was a "traditional Austrian costume of lederhosen and a feathered hat and a green felt jacket. We couldn't get him out of it"? . . . Oh dear. *Mutterings* feels a "series" coming on . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 1*: **The Edge** from **U2** got up onstage and "jammed" in America with *which* group? Horribly enough, it was **Europe** . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 2*: The rest of **U2** have also been demonstrating what a "kick ass rock 'n' roll band" (as they "described" themselves on *The Tube*) they are by meeting up with "youngsters" like **Frank Sinatra** and **Bob Dylan** (who sung two songs – "I Shall Be Released" and "Knocking On Heaven's Door" – onstage with them) and by zooping round Hollywood with American actors like **Mickey Rourke** and **Sean Penn** . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 3*: **Ray Mayhew** and **Chris Kavanagh** – the two no one can ever remember in **Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik** – are apparently planning to leave. Boo *hoo* . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 4*: Just *how* does arty, sensitive, potato sculptor-turned-pop star **David Bowie** keep fit these days? Knock out a few rough sketches on some King Edwards? Dance round the room twirling his limbs à la **Mel & Kim?** No – in fact he "spars" for 15 rounds a day in a boxing ring. The clot! . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 5*: **Ozzy Osbourne** has been offered a part in a film called *Beast Of The Shopping Mall*. In it, he says, "I would leap from an airduct and shoppers go off screaming". Oh . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 6*: He turned it down . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 7*: **Sheila E** was "spotted" last weekend shopping in London and when – spook! – a video of her pal Prince ("the zany pint-sized singer" etc. etc.) came on the shop's video she stayed with her mates and had a good giggle . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 8*: *EastEnders*' **Dirty Den** i.e. Leslie Grantham may be offered a chance to DJ on Radio 1, 'tis rumoured . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 9*: **Michael Jackson** is rumoured to have made a lightning visit to England – wearing a false beard and false wig – presumably borrowed off Prince – to see a Bible in the British library. It's a v. rare Gutenberg bible made in 1452 (i.e. around the time Michael last made a record) and he wanted to see it before bidding up to three million dollars for a similar one up for auction in New York . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 10*: **Bob Geldof** has finally just passed his driving test! . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 11*: Apparently the main problem the very same Bob Geldof had doing those *Wilkinson Sword* adverts on TV (the ones where he throws the razor away because he doesn't use them however good they are, yawn) was that he couldn't do it without swearing . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 12*: He's back! etc etc etc!

Worrascamp! Andy Taylor has revealed how he planned to turn up at Duran Duran's tour rehearsals and pelt them with stink bombs. How *very* mature. . .

Boy George's waxwork has been dusted off and placed back in *Madame Tussauds* (even if, these days, he looks nothing like it) . . . *Who'd Have Believed It, Eh? 13*: **Madonna**'s hair, it is unreliably rumoured by New York hairdressers *Bumble And Bumble* salon, is falling out due to all that bleach – hence her new dark look. A spokesperson for Madonna says the story is a load of blether and that she's got a more natural look because "it's easier to maintain on the road". Though quite why she should want to put her hair on the road is quite beyond *Mutterings* anyway . . . While on the subject of Madonna, ex-Beatle and part-financier of *Shanghai Surprise* **George Harrison** has said of her (i.e. Madonna who, quite coincidentally, has a monkey jump on her shoulder in her new film *Who's That Girl?*) "she has to realise that you can be a fabulous person and be humble as well." Oooh . . . And talking of humility **Andy Taylor** has been "laying into" **Duran Duran** yet again. "I can sing the pants off Simon – two fingers to him," he snorts. "It was like having an operation without having the anaesthetic," he parps, "calmly" summing up the last years in Duran. "I couldn't stand being shut in a room for three months just going through the same old drivel again," he chirps merrily, adding that, when at one stage he nearly changed his mind about leaving, his wife, Tracey, "went white. She just refused to cook my dinner until I saw sense again." How *very* traumatic. At the end of this tirade he does however add rather more kindly, "I'd invite them round for a drink only I don't think they'd come. *(I wonder why? – Ed.)* But I think one day in the future we'll all sit down and have a good laugh about this." Indeed. *That's* the spirit . . . Though perhaps MP Peter Bruinvels wouldn't agree – he, you see, is the politician who's got himself all steamed up about the thought of those riotous **Beastie Boys** types coming to England soon. If he had his way they'd be banned for their "disgraceful sick records" – "this kind of trash is very dangerous." Anyway, determined to live up to their image the very same Beastie Boys recently gave a recorded interview on American television which couldn't be shown because they swore on it *216* times. The "beasts"! Anyway *Mutterings* has the "transcript" and it goes like this: "Howdy, Ad-R . . ." (*You're "nicked" – The entire police force*). Oh . . .

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